THE BIBLE STORY

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VOLUME ONE
THE GOLDEN BOOK

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY

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INTRODUCTION TO THE SERIES

The editors of this series believe that no task can be more important than that of winning the interest of children to their precious heritage, the Bible. The stories of the old Greek and Roman mythologies, the folk and fairy tales, have been given the child in beautiful form, suitably graded and arranged, with significant illustrations. The editors of this series attempt to do the same thing for the Bible: to take the matchless prose and poetry of the Bible and put it in the form which will make it most attractive to the child, to give the Bible an equal chance in the child's library with the "King Arthur Stories" and the tales of mythology.

Every parent desires to have the children of the home gain an acquaintance with the best that is in the Bible. Heretofore no text has been prepared which exactly met this need, giving appropriate passages for children of various ages. These volumes are especially designed to make "Sunday afternoon" reading attractive to children, putting the fascinating stories of the Bible in the same dress and on the same footing with the secular classics which have

always charmed. With such an arrangement it is believed that the child will read the Bible as freely as any book.

The plan of the Readers gives unity to each story and selection. Each story or episode is given in a complete form, and not merely as an extract. Passages which are clearly not relevant to the story or which involve unnecessary difficulties to a young reader are omitted. Obsolete words are modernized. Many versions, both ancient and modern, together with the original texts, have been compared in determining the translation. In every case the graphic, pictorial word which would appeal to the imagination of the child and enlarge its vocabulary has been sought. At the same time the effort has been made not to impair the literary strength and beauty of the older versions. Nothing has been omitted which is suitable to the mind of the child, and everything has been arranged with the end in view of meeting the needs of the child.

This series does not aim to supplant the ordinary texts of the Bible nor to take the place of the common versions any more than literature readers take the place of literature. The editors have endeavored to select such passages of the Bible as are particularly suited to the child's mind, to present them in a novel and attractive form, and thus to arouse the interest of children, stimulating them to more careful study in later years.

This series is not, however, intended simply for children's reading. The editors believe that for general read-

ing for the older members of the family no version of the Bible will be found more satisfactory.

There is no Book which so lends itself to illustration as the Bible. Palestine in relation to the New Testament has been called a "Fifth Gospel." For the child especially the actual locality is the best commentary on the text and the best means of arousing interest in the text.

The Bible makes contact with the great civilizations in a way which is not fully appreciated. The attempt has been made to illustrate very fully the contact with Egypt in the Old Testament and with Greece and Rome in the New Testament.

The editors believe that the three hundred and fifty illustrations which have been provided form a collection which has never been surpassed in fullness and accuracy. Many friends have freely offered their fine collections. A large number of pictures taken by friends are unique in their individual interest, and have never before been published. We are especially indebted to the following: Prof. David G. Lyon, D.D., of the Department of Semitic Languages of Harvard University, Prof. H. G. Mitchell, D.D., of the Department of Theology of Boston University, Rev. Warren J. Moulton, Ph.D., of Athol, Mass., for the use of valuable private collections; the Departments of Greek and Latin at Smith College, the Public Library at Springfield and the Forbes Public Library at Northampton, Mass., for

constant courtesy and the use of rare books, photographs, and engravings; Miss Clara L. Bodman, Miss Julia W. Snow, Mr. S. E. Bridgman of Northampton, and Prof. Louis F. Giroux of the International College, Springfield, for the loan of photographs; Mrs. Fontaine Meriwether of Sedalia, Missouri, for selections from a remarkably fine collection of views personally taken while on a trip to the East; Rev. Frank L. Goodspeed, Ph.D., and Mrs. Goodspeed for unique and valuable views taken by themselves; W. J. Aitchison, Esq., of Hamilton, Canada, for fine views; the officers of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and the Detroit Photograph Company, for permission to use pictures in their possession; Prof. Arthur S. Cooley, Ph.D., of Auburndale, the well known lecturer, for permission to use unique views illustrating the journeys of Paul; Miss Mary Medlicott of Longmeadow for the use of a rare book.

We are also especially indebted to Prof. Henry D. Sleeper, head of the Music Department of Smith College, for the charming airs to which he has set some of the poems for children in the first volume.

On the literary side the editors wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to Miss Esther M. Carver of Northampton for suggestions from her experience as a teacher, to Miss Caroline M. Yale and Miss Frances W. Gawith of the Clarke School for the Deaf, to Prof. Charles F. Richardson, and Prof. Fred P. Emery of Dartmouth College.

Prof. Clyde W. Votaw of Chicago University, Mr. William Orr, Principal of the High School, Springfield, Mass. We are much indebted to President George T. Angell for suggestions for the chapter, "Little Brothers of the Air and Fields," in the first volume, also to a very wide circle of friends for their interest and for valuable suggestions, many of which have been incorporated in the work. The help of various versions of the Bible is also acknowledged, as well as the version of the prophets by George Adam Smith. Thanks are rendered to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, E. P. Dutton & Co., J. B. Lippincott, Biglow & Main, Mr. Theodore E. Perkins, and Charles Ray Palmer, D.D., for permission to use copyrighted material.

Without the co-operation of these and many other friends we feel that so large a measure of excellence as we believe the volumes possess could not have been attained.

PREFACE

The editors have endeavored to make this volume a treasure house of all the good things, new and old, which would serve to assist in the moral training of little children. The volume includes a Primer, arranged on the plan of the ordinary school primer, designed to give the elemental religious truths in the simplest form. Any child who is learning to read at school can learn also to read these sentences. The texts at the bottom of the pages are to be read by the parent to the child, and may with profit be committed to memory by the child. The short Bible stories which follow may also be easily read by children. The hymns and poems and most of the pictures are "classic." They should be known by every child for their own worth, and as an antidote for the rubbish which constitutes so large a proportion of the reading of children. Parents will be pleased to find the fine old hymns of Watts and Jane Taylor, some of them set to delightful music by Prof. Sleeper of Smith College. These poems should not be allowed by neglect to pass out of the possession of modern children.

It is hoped that this volume will go far toward solving the problem of Sunday afternoon occupation for children, and will meet the constant demand for such a collection of religious literature.

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A BIBLE PRIMER

A BIBLE ALPHABET

A Ask and ye shall receive.

B Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

C Create in me a clean heart, O God.

D Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.

E Even Christ pleased not himself.

F Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

G Give us this day our daily bread.

H Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.

I I am the bread of life.

J Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.

K Keep thy tongue from evil.

L Little children, love one another.

M My son, give me thine heart.

N Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.

O Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness.

P Pray without ceasing.

Q Quit you like men, be strong.

R Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

S Suffer the little children to come unto me.

T Teach me thy way, O Lord.

U Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks.

V Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life.

W What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.

X Examine yourselves.

Y Ye are bought with a price.

Z Zealous of good works.

From an old alphabet belonging to Miss Clara L. Bodman, and used by her kind permission.

my father mother dear

My father.

My mother.

My dear father.

My dear mother.

"Honor thy father and thy mother."—*Exodus 20:12.*

"Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord."—*Colossians 3:20.*

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother."—*Proverbs 1:8.*

I brother sister love

I love my father.

I love my mother.

I love my brother.

I love my sister.

"Have love one to another."—*John 13:35.*

"Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."—*I John 4:11.*

"Let us love one another: for love is of God."—*I John 4:7.*

THE DIVINE MOTHER AND THE CHILD

By Murillo (1618-1682)

Bartolome Esteban Murillo was born at Seville, Spain, January 1, 1618. Very poor at first, he afterward gained wealth and fame by his masterly work, which made him an artist of the first rank. "The peasant-painter of Spain," as he has been called, was a man of deep religious convictions. "He alone in the seventeenth century kept alive the pure flame of religious fervor which burned within the devout Italians of the early school." His Madonnas are all of an especially sweet and gentle and motherly type

God me is

My father loves me.

My mother loves me.

God loves me.

God is my Father.

God loves me.

I love God.

"God is love."—*I John 4:8.*

"We love him because he first loved us."—*I John 4:19.*

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God."—*I John 3:1.*

a gives all have home

I have a home.

I have a father.

I have a mother.

God gives me my father.

God gives me my mother.

God gives me my home.

God gives me all I have.

"Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above and cometh down from the Father."—*James 1:17.*

"Give us this day our daily bread."—*Matt. 6:11.*

A QUIET AFTERNOON IN THE UPLAND PASTURES

"Go out in the springtime among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs, all veiled and dim with blossom—paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness,—look up toward the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines: and we may perhaps at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, 'He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.'"—*John Ruskin*

see	the	grass
makes	grow	green

See the grass.

I see the grass.

The grass grows.

The grass is green.

I see the green grass.

God makes the grass.

God makes the grass grow.

God makes the green grass grow.

"He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass,
As showers that water the earth."—*Psalms 72:6.*

flower	lily	white
rose	red	you

I see a flower.
The flower is a lily.
The lily is white.
I see a rose.
The rose is red.
I have a lily and a rose.
I love the lily and the rose.
Have you a flower?
I have a white flower.
God loves the flowers and makes them grow.

"Consider the lilies, how they grow. They toil not neither do they spin."—*Matthew 6:28.*

RESTING BENEATH THE TREES

By Corot (1796-1875)

Jean Baptiste Camille Corot was a famous painter of landscapes. He was born at Paris, and while his work was not at first appreciated he is now recognized as one of the greatest of the French school.

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. . . . ."

—*William Cullen Bryant*

bird sparrow nest flies in
sorry when it hurt

Do you see the bird?
It is a sparrow.
The sparrow flies.
The sparrow makes a nest.
It makes a nest in the green grass.
See the nest in the grass!
See the sparrow fly!
God loves the sparrow.
God is sorry when the sparrow is hurt.
Do not hurt the sparrow.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?
And not one of them is forgotten in the sight of God."—*Luke 12:6.*

day done bed will go
hear say prayer to heaven

The day is done.

The sparrow will go to bed.

It will go to bed in its nest.

The lily and the rose will go to bed.

I will go to bed.

I go to bed in my dear home.

My mother will hear me say my prayer.

I say my prayer to my Father in heaven.

My Father in heaven loves to hear me say my prayer.

"I laid me down and slept;
I awaked, for the Lord sustained me."—*Psalms 3:5.*

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights."—*James 1:17.*

THE "MATER AMABILIS IN GLORIA"

By Bodenhausen

"The extremely popular 'Mater Amabilis in Gloria,' where a girlish young mother, her long hair streaming about her, stands in upper air, poised above the great ball of the earth, holding her sweet babe to her heart. Pictures like these constantly reiterate the story of a mother's love—an old, old story, which begins again with every new birth."—*Hurll*

star	sky	above	trees
shines	night	twinkle	them

It is night.

I see a star.

The star shines at night.

The star twinkles.

The star twinkles in the sky.

Do you see the star?

It shines above the trees.

I love to see the birds, and the flowers, and the stars.

God made them all.

God loves them all.

God loves you.

"He telleth the number of the stars;
He calleth them all by their names."
Psalms 147:4.

morning	sun	rises	hills
glad	here	are	awaken

The night is done.
The day is here.
I awaken when it is day.
The birds awaken when it is day.
The flowers awaken when it is day.
I see the sun in the sky.
The sun rises above the hills.
The sun rises above the trees.
The birds and the flowers are glad to see the sun.
Are you glad the night is done?

"Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge."—*Psalms 19:2.*

THE INFANT SAMUEL

By Reynolds (1723-1792)

Sir Joshua Reynolds is thought by many to have been the greatest of English painters. He was a Devonshire lad, and was intended by his father for the medical profession. He early showed such aptitude for painting that he was permitted to have his way, and after studying in Italy, returned to England, where an exhibition of his work aroused great enthusiasm, and his popularity continued through his life

this	saying	kneeling	thanking
his	beside	goodness	child

See this little child.

He is going to bed.

He is saying his prayer.

He is kneeling beside his bed.

He is thanking his Father in heaven for his goodness.

Do you say your prayer?

I say my prayer night and morning.

"Ask, and it shall be given you."—*Matthew 7:7.*

"For the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers."—*I Peter 3:12.*

sheep	cows	cover	rain	falls
eat	for	waters	garden	earth

Clouds cover the sky.
The rain falls.
The rain waters the earth.
The flowers in the garden are glad.
The red rose is glad.
The white lily is glad.
The green grass is glad.
The rain makes the grass grow.
The sheep and the cows eat the grass.
God gives the rain.
God makes the grass grow for the sheep and the cows.

"Praise ye the Lord;
Who covereth the heavens with clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains."
Psalms 147 : 8.

PLOWING IN PALESTINE

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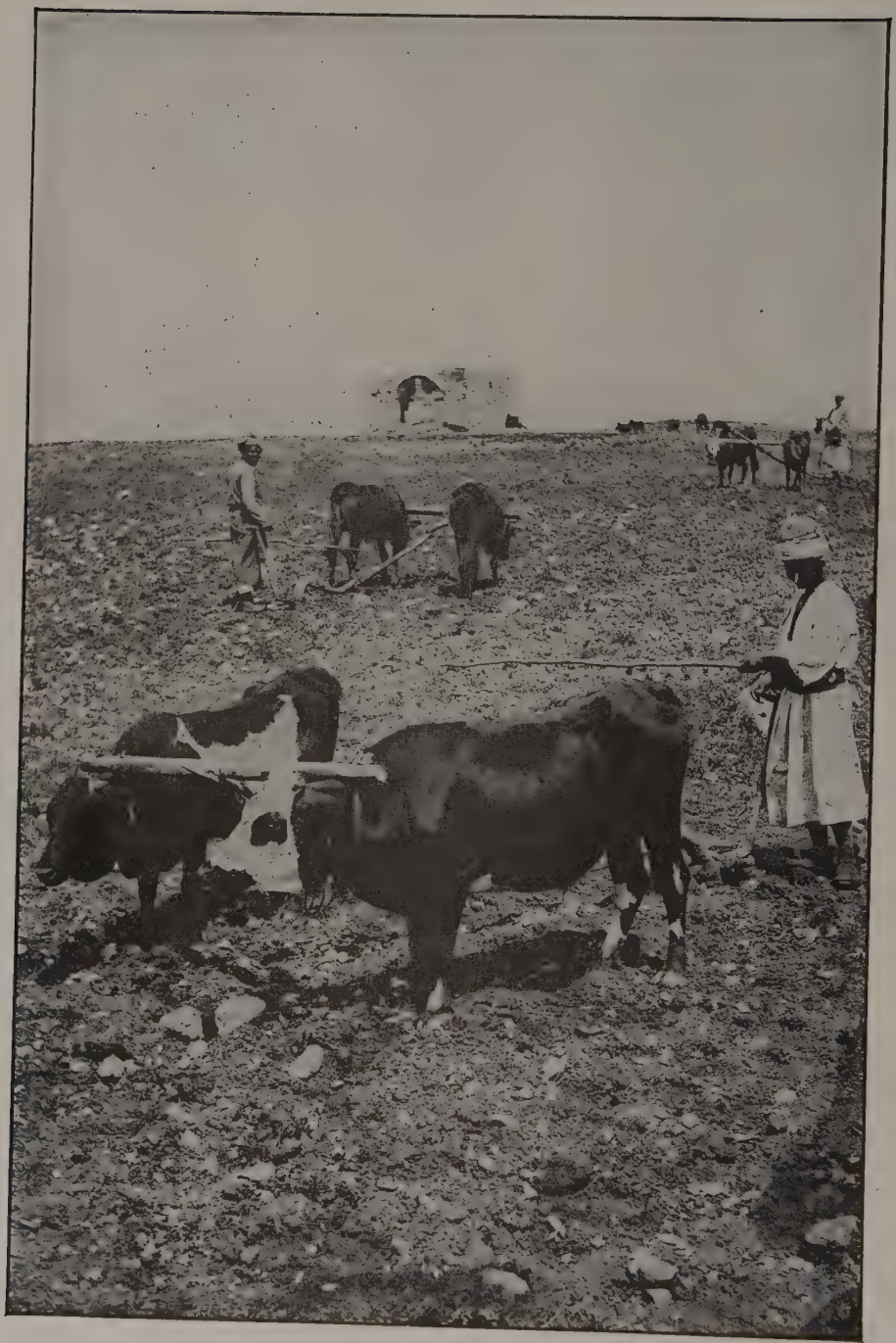
Very little advance has been made in methods of agriculture in Palestine since the early days of which the Bible tells. The plow is often still the crooked stick, sometimes strengthened by iron, but still very primitive. It is no wonder that crops are so poor and life is so hard under these conditions



spring-time	snow	ice	gone
robin	blue-bird	seeds	help

The Spring-time has come.
The birds have come.
The blue-birds are flying in the air.
I see a robin in my garden.
I will go to my garden.
I will plant seeds in my garden.
The seeds will grow to be flowers.
I love to see them grow.
Have you a garden?
Do you see the birds in your garden?
What seeds do you plant in your garden?
God makes the flowers grow.
He gives the rain and the sun.
The rain and the sun help to make the flowers grow.

"Thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof."—*Psalms 65:10*

summer warm cool woods who
brightly bees sing pick hum

Summer is here.
The birds sing in the trees.
I hear the robins sing.
The flowers have come.
I will go to my garden and pick the roses and the lilies.
The sun shines brightly.
I love the warm sun.
The bees hum in the garden.
The woods are cool.
I love the cool woods.
Who gives us the warm summer days?
God gives us the summer days.

"Thou hast made summer and winter."—*Psalms 74:17.*

THE AUTUMN WOODS

"The autumn-time has come;
On woods that dream of bloom,
And over purpling vines,
The low sun fainter shines.

The aster-flower is failing,
The hazel's gold is paling;
Yet overhead more near
The eternal stars appear!"

—*John Greenleaf Whittier*

autumn	frosty	yellow	large
peaches	moon	with	nuts
gather	crack	fire	before

This is autumn.
The summer has gone.
The nights are frosty.
The days are cool.
The trees are red and yellow.
The leaves are falling from the trees.
Soon the snow will come.
The moon is large in the sky.
It looks like a great yellow ball.
The stars shine brightly.
I love to see the moon and the stars.

I love the large red apples.

Have you apples in your garden?

I love the peaches and the pears.

I go with my father to the woods, and gather nuts.

I will crack the nuts on the frosty nights, and eat them before the fire.

God made the apples, and nuts, and peaches, and pears.

I will thank God for his goodness.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."—*Psalms 65:11.*

"The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."—*Psalms 33:5.*

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof."—*Psalms 24:1.*

"The pastures are clothed with flocks: the valleys also are covered over with grain."—*Psalms 65:13.*

WINTER

"Leafless are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset."

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

"A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snowstorm told."

—John Greenleaf Whittier

winter	play	sleep
cold	frozen	covers
under	lake	fort

It is winter.

Summer and autumn have gone.

The air is cold.

The robins and the bluebirds have gone.

The snow falls from the sky.

The snow covers the hills and the woods and the fields.

The flowers sleep under the snow in my garden.

They will wake when it is spring.

The lake is frozen.

I see the white snow in my garden.

I love to play in the snow.

I will make a fort of the white snow in my garden.

I love the cold winter days.

God gives us the winter days as well as the summer days.

"He giveth snow like wool;
He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes."—*Psalms 147:16.*

THE SEA

"Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

—*Lord Byron*

Harold	beach	man
sea-shore	dug	owns
went	sand	sailing
	ships	

Harold went to the sea-shore.

He went with his father and his mother.

It was summer when he went.

The days were long and bright.

He played all day on the beach.

He dug in the sand.

He made hills in the sand.

When he went to bed at night, he heard the sea.

He said his prayer beside his mother, and the sea sang him to sleep with its song.

He saw the sea when the sun rose in the morning.

The sun rose above the sea, when the night was gone, and the stars went to sleep.

In the bright morning, he saw the ships sailing on the sea.

No man owns the sea.

God made it, and it is his.

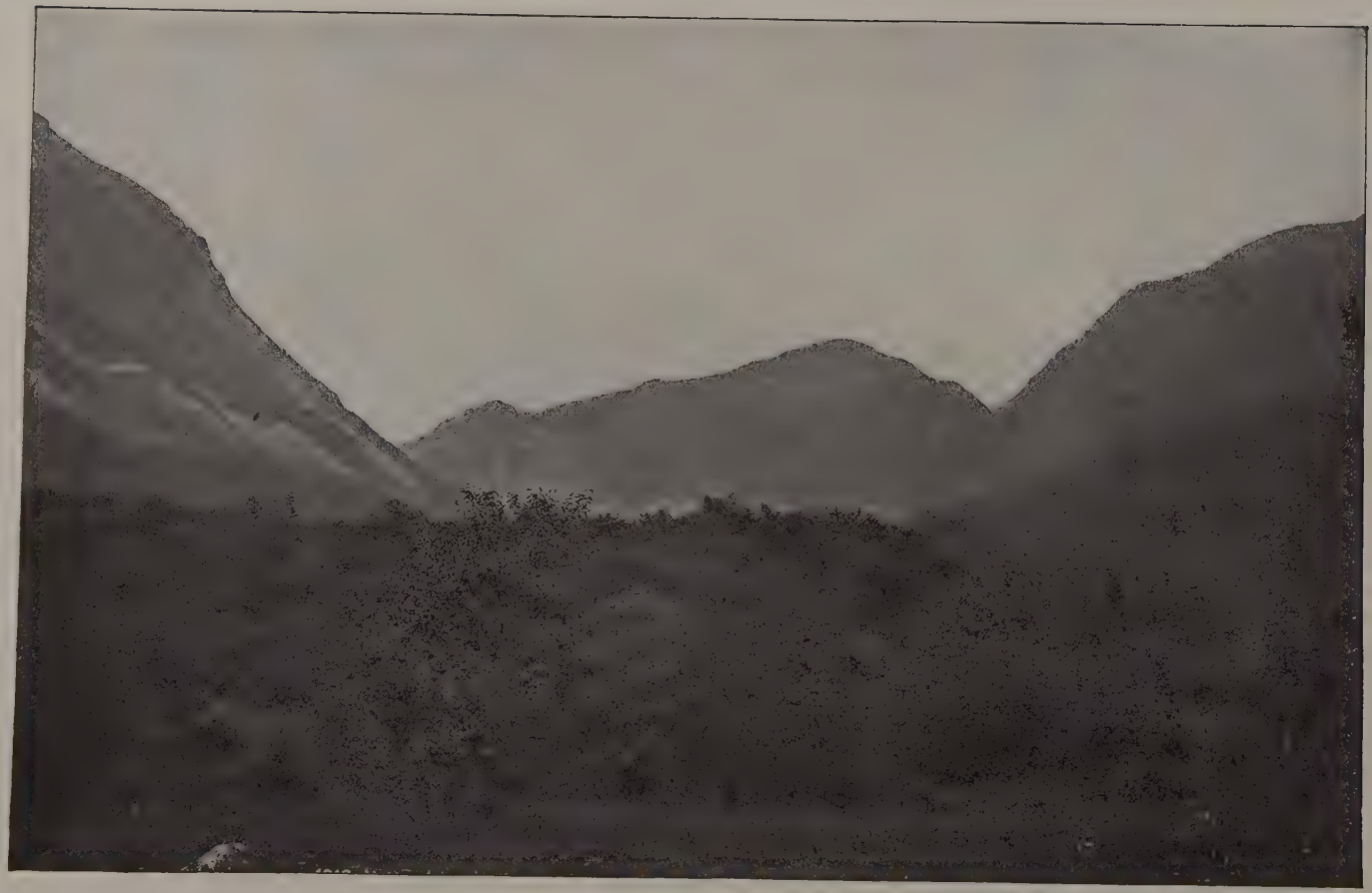
"The sea is his, and he made it."—*Psalms 95:5.*

THE MOUNTAINS

"You should have seen that long hill-range
With gaps of brightness riven,
How through each pass and hollow streamed
The purpling lights of heaven,—

"Rivers of gold-mist flowing down
From far celestial fountains,—
The great sun flaming through the rifts
Beyond the wall of mountains."

—*John Greenleaf Whittier*



Margaret	high	brooks
flow	down	climb
look	beautiful	think
often	near	

The mountains are high.

They are often covered with trees.

Brooks flow down the mountains.

Margaret went to the mountains in summer.

She could not climb the mountains.

She played in the woods and fields near the mountains.

She picked the red and white and yellow flowers in the fields.

She saw the birds and the bees and the beautiful trees.

She loved the brook.

She loved to see the mountains.

They were beautiful when the sun set.

When she said her prayer at night, she looked at the beautiful hills and mountains.

It made her think of God to see the mountains which he made.

"I will lift mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth."—*Psalms 121:1, 2.*

HYMNS FOR THE MORNING

WHEN MORNING GILDS THE SKIES

When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
  May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
  May Jesus Christ be praised!

To Thee, O God above,
I cry with glowing love,
  May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
  May Jesus Christ be praised!

Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
  May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
  May Jesus Christ be praised!

When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
  May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
  May Jesus Christ be praised!

When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
  May Jesus Christ be praised!

The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages long,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

—*From the German.*

THE BOY JESUS

By Winterstein

"Whatever father or mother wanted done in the house, fetching water, drink, bread, meat, looking after the house and other things of that sort, whatever he was bidden, that did the dear little Jesus, like any other child."

—*Martin Luther*

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING

We plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love!

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love!

We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seedtime and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;

Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love!

—*From the German of Mathias Claudius.*

HEAVEN IS NOT REACHED AT A SINGLE BOUND

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
  But we build the ladder on which we rise,
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
  That a noble deed is a step toward God,—
  Lifting a soul from the common clod,
To a purer air and a broader view.

—*J. G. Holland.*

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STILL, STILL WITH THEE

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee:
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of Nature newly born;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'ershadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, and fairer than day's dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

SHORT BIBLE STORIES

GOD SEES ME

When does God see me?

God sees me when I am good, and it makes him glad.

God sees me when I am bad, and it makes him sorry.

God sees me when I play, and knows if I am kind.

God sees me when I am at school, and knows if I am faithful.

God sees me when I am at home, and knows if I obey my father and my mother.

God sees me when I am cross, and knows how ugly I look and feel.

God sees me when I am happy, and knows how glad I am.

God sees me all day long, and wants me to love him.

God sees me all night long, and watches over me while I sleep.

"When I run about all day,
When I kneel at night to pray,
God sees.
Need I ever know a fear
Night and day, my Father near?
God sees."

"Thou God seest me."—*Genesis 16:13.*

WHAT DOES GOD WANT ME TO DO?

God wants me to be kind to other children.

God wants me to be gentle and loving.

God wants me to be kind to animals.

God wants me to obey my father and my mother.

God wants me to care more for others than for myself.

God wants me to keep the Sabbath day.

God wants me to pray to him every day.

God wants me to tell the truth.

God wants me to be happy all the day.

God wants me to be good, and then I shall be happy.

God wants me to do these things because he loves me.

I ought to want to do the things he wants me to do.

PLOWING IN THE LANDS OF THE BIBLE

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, and used by her kind permission

How strange it looks to see a camel harnessed to a plow! If you look closely you will see that the plow is strange, too. It is a crooked branch with a plowshare fastened to it. It has only one handle. It was a plow almost exactly like this that was used in the times of the Bible. This picture was taken in the plains of old Philistia

WHAT GOD GIVES

God is always giving.

God gives to the trees their leaves and fruit.

God gives to the earth the rain in summer to make the grass grow, and the snow in winter to cover the ground.

God gives to the beasts and to the birds their food.

God gives to us our homes and friends and all that makes us happy.

God gives us the Bible to tell us how he loves us.

God gives us sweet sleep at night.

God gives us health to enjoy all his gifts.

What has God given you to-day? Have you thanked him for it?

"Who giveth food to the hungry."—*Psalms 146 : 7.*
"Who giveth to the beast his food."—*Psalms 147 : 9.*
"So he giveth his beloved sleep."—*Psalms 127 : 2.*
"He giveth snow like wool."—*Psalms 147 : 16.*
"Give us this day our daily bread."—*Matthew 6:11.*
"My peace I give unto you."—*John 14:27.*
"Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all."—*I Timothy 2 : 6.*

JESUS AND HIS FRIENDS

Jesus had many friends.

Some of them were people whom he had healed.

Some of them had heard him talk, and had learned to love him.

Sometimes they stayed with him, day after day.

Jesus loved his friends.

Jesus told his friends about God.

Jesus was so kind and loving to his friends that they could not help loving him.

The friends of Jesus were called disciples.

Disciple means learner.

The disciples learned what Jesus had taught.

Jesus picked out from his friends a few to be with him all the time.

They were sometimes called disciples, too.

Sometimes they were called apostles.

Apostle means one who is sent.

Jesus sent the apostles out to tell others about himself.

There were twelve of the apostles.

The names of three of them were Peter, James, and John.

BEAUTIFUL NAZARETH: OUTLOOK FROM HILLS ABOVE TOWN TO HISTORIC ESDRAELON

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After he began his active ministry Jesus had no home, but while he was a boy his home was in the town of Nazareth, beautifully situated among the hills of Galilee. A traveler there describes the town as it now is:—

"Almost in the center of this chain of hills there is a singular cleft in the limestone, forming the entrance to a little valley. As a traveler leaves the plain he will ride up a steep and narrow pathway, broidered with grass and flowers, through scenery which is neither colossal nor overwhelming, but infinitely beautiful and picturesque. Beneath him, on the right-hand side, the vale will gradually widen, until it becomes about a quarter of a mile in breadth. The basin of the valley is divided by hedges of cactus into little fields and gardens, which, about the fall of the spring rains, wear an aspect of indescribable calm, and glow with a tint of the richest green. Beside the narrow pathway, at no great distance apart from each other, are two wells, and the women who draw water there are more beautiful, and the ruddy, bright-eyed shepherd boys who sit or play by the well sides, in their gay-colored Oriental costume, are a happier, bolder, brighter-looking race than the traveler will have seen elsewhere. Gradually the valley opens into a little natural amphitheater of hills, supposed by some to be the crater of an extinct volcano; and there, clinging to the hollows of a hill, which rises to the height of some five hundred feet above it, lie, 'like a handful of pearls in a goblet of emerald,' the flat roofs and narrow streets of a little Eastern town. There is a small church; the massive buildings of a convent; the tall minaret of a mosque; a clear, abundant fountain; houses built of white stone, and gardens scattered among them, umbrageous with figs and olives, and rich with the white and scarlet blossoms of orange and pomegranate. In spring, at least, everything about the place looks indescribably bright and soft; doves murmur in the trees; the hoopoe flits about in ceaseless activity; the bright blue roller-bird, the commonest and loveliest bird of Palestine, flashes like a living sapphire over fields which are enameled with innumerable flowers"

JESUS HAD NO HOME

Jesus had no home of his own after he grew up.

Once a man wanted to be his disciple.

Jesus wanted this man to know that he had no fine house where he could entertain him.

He said that the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but that he had not where to lay his head.

His friends asked him to visit them.

They were always glad when he came to see them.

Sometimes a rich man asked Jesus and his friends to dinner.

He made no difference between the rich and the poor among his friends.

One of the homes where he liked to be was the home of a fisherman.

The fisherman's name was Simon.

Sometimes he was called by another name, Peter.

He caught fish in the lake of Galilee.

His house stood near the lake.

His fishing boat was drawn up upon the shore.

Another home where Jesus liked to stay was the home of Lazarus.

Lazarus had two sisters. Their names were Mary and Martha.

The brother and the sisters lived in a little town called Bethany.

Jesus loved these people very much.

Why was Jesus so poor?

"Though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich."—*2 Corinthians 8 : 9.*

BETHANY

From a picture taken by Mrs. Frank L. Goodspeed,
and used by her kind permission

This is a picture of the village of Bethany, not far from Jerusalem. It was here in the home of Mary and Martha that Jesus liked so much to stay

THE PEOPLE LOVED JESUS

The people loved Jesus.

They crowded about him to hear him talk.

Sometimes Jesus and his friends did not have time to eat.

Sometimes the people came after sunset.

Sometimes they came early in the morning.

Sometimes so many people came that the house would not hold them.

Then they had to go out of doors.

Jesus loved to talk with the people out of doors.

He loved to look up and see the blue sky and the green hills.

He told the people many stories while out of doors.

Jesus never turned the people away without trying to help them.

"Many were gathered together, so that there was no longer room for them."—*Mark 2:2.*

"And he went forth again by the seaside, and many came unto him, and he taught them."—*Mark 2:13.*

"And all the city was gathered together at the door where Jesus was."—*Mark 1:33.*

"And Jesus with his disciples withdrew to the sea . . . and a great multitude, hearing what great things he did, came unto him."—*Mark 3:7, 8.*

THE SEA OF GALILEE

Do you know what a lake is?
Did you ever see a lake?
There was a lake in the country where Jesus lived.
It was a pretty lake.
There were hills and mountains all about it.
There were towns and villages on its shores.
Jesus sometimes stayed in these villages.
The lake had a long name.
It was called Gennesaret.
It also had other names.
Sometimes it was called the Sea of Tiberias.
Sometimes it was called the Sea of Galilee.
There were many boats on the Lake of Gennesaret.
How swiftly they sailed along!
How the little waves danced on the waters!
How pretty the hills were on either side!
Some of the boats belonged to the friends of Jesus.
Sometimes these friends took Jesus in their boats.
One day he was standing by the Lake of Gennesaret.
The people were crowding about him.
He could not talk because they crowded so.
He had the boat pushed out a little way from shore.
Then he sat down and taught the people.
The people all sat on the shore and listened.

TIBERIAS, ON THE COAST OF THE SEA OF GALILEE

Used by special permission of the Detroit Photograph Company

On this beautiful lake Jesus very often sailed with his fishermen disciples. At that time there were many towns and cities on its shores, but now, except for a few small hamlets, the once populous shores are desolate. But the lake is still as beautiful, its blue waters sparkle in the sun, and the stars looking down from the brilliant eastern sky are reflected in its bosom as when Jesus "walked in Galilee"

THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS

When Jesus was a boy, he lived at Nazareth.
Nazareth was a village among the hills.
It was itself on a hill.
All about it were green fields.
In the spring, the fields were filled with pretty flowers.
Jesus' father was a carpenter.
He made doors and chairs and tables.
Jesus helped about the shop.
He was a good boy and loved to help his father.
He helped his mother to draw water from the well.
He went to school and learned to read and write.
He went to church on the Sabbath.
The church to which he went was called a synagogue.
Do you suppose Jesus played with other boys and girls?
He played with them in the village streets.
He was always kind to them.
He never teased them or did things that were mean.
There is still a village of Nazareth.
The hills and the fields about it are the same as then.

JESUS AND SICK PEOPLE

Jesus was very sorry for people who were sick.
How pale and thin some of them looked!
How some of them suffered!
Jesus loved to heal them.
He was glad to see them get well again.
How happy they and their friends were when they were made well!
How glad the little children were to see their fathers and mothers come home again, well!
As soon as people knew that Jesus could heal the sick, they brought all their friends who were sick to Jesus.
Sometimes they brought sick children.
How glad Jesus was to make the children well!

"And at even when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were sick. . . . And all the city was gathered together at the door. And he healed many that were sick."—*Mark 1:32-34.*

"And when they were come out of the boat, straightway the people knew him, and ran round about that whole region, and began to carry about on their beds those that were sick, where they heard he was."—*Mark 6:54-56.*

NAZARETH

From an old photograph in the possession of the Springfield Public Library, and used by kind permission

This is a picture of the village of Nazareth, where Jesus lived when he was a boy. When he climbed the hills about the town he had a most beautiful view of the mountains and valleys of Palestine. Looking westward, the waters of the Mediterranean were spread out before him, and he could see the white sails of the passing ships

TALKING WITH OUR FATHER

Because God is our Father we want to talk with him.

We want to tell him about many things.

We want to tell him how happy we are.

If we have been naughty, we want to tell him how sorry we are.

Sometimes we want to tell him how much we love him.

Why do we do this?

When people give us gifts, it is polite to say, "thank you."

God gives us gifts, and we should say "thank you," to him.

When we love people we want to talk with them.

If we love God we will want to talk with him.

When we have been naughty to anyone, we are sorry, and we want to say "please forgive me."

When we have been naughty, we ought also to ask God to forgive us.

It makes God sorry when we are naughty.

Would it be right to get up in the morning, and play all day when your father was at home, without saying one word to him?

Would it make your father glad or sorry?

Is it right, then, to take gifts from your Father in heaven all day long, and not say a word to him?

Does it make him glad or sorry?

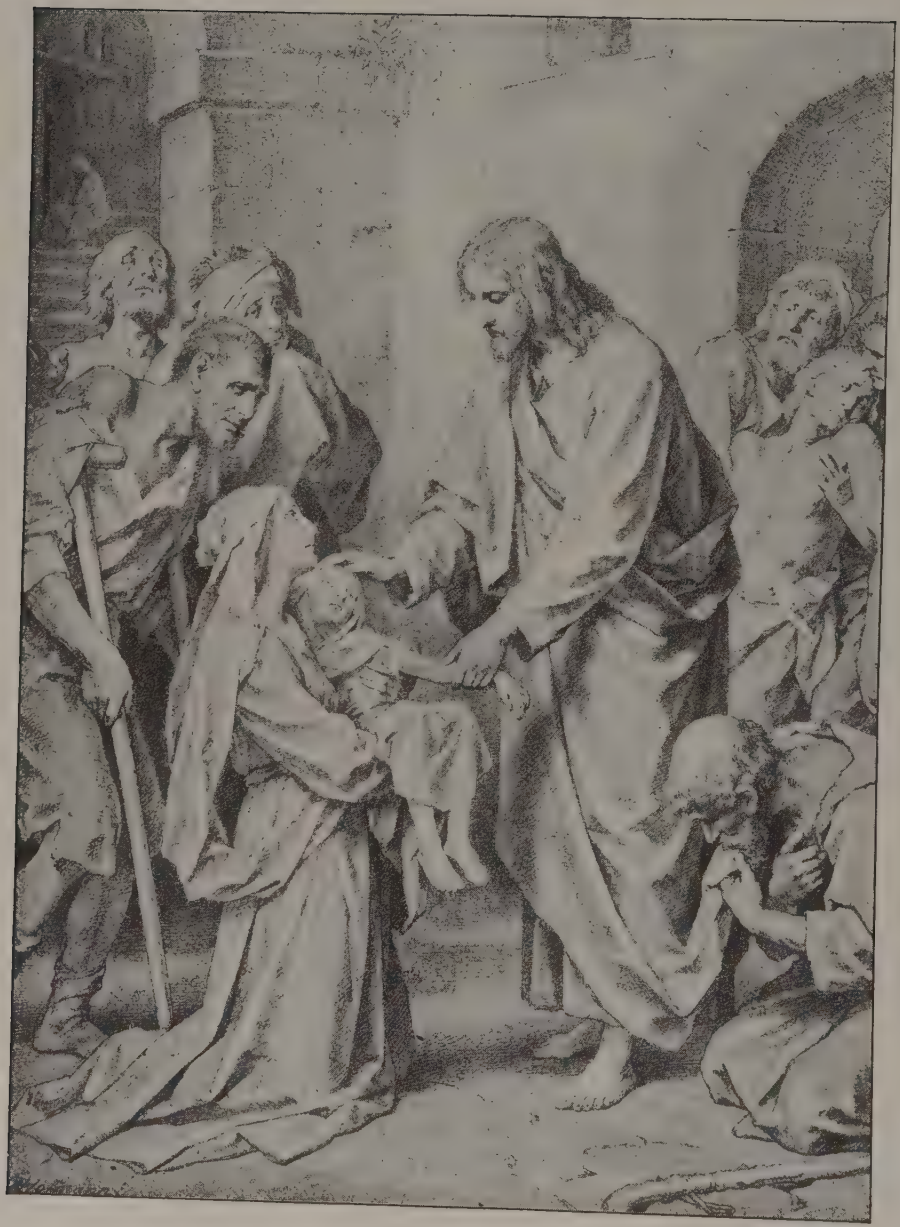
Talking with our Father in heaven, we call praying.

It is telling him all the things we want to tell a loving father.

JESUS HEALING THE SICK

By Heinrich Hofmann

Jesus was rightly called the "Great Physician." In the picture are shown some of the sufferers whom Jesus delighted to help—the poor little child, white and still in its mother's arms, the lame, and the blind



GOD IS OUR FATHER

We call God our Father.

The prayer which Jesus taught us to pray, begins, "Our Father."

Why do we call God our Father?

Because God does for us what a good father does for his children.

A good father loves his children.

God loves his children.

A good father gets food and clothing, and other things which his children need.

God gets for his children what he sees they need.

A good father wants his children to be good.

God wants his children to be good.

A good father will not let his children have what would be bad for them.

God will not let us have what will be bad for us.

When we call God our Father, it is a way of saying, "God loves me, God will take care of me."

"Our Father who art in heaven."—*Matthew 6:9.*

"One is your father, even he who is in heaven."—*Matthew 23:9.*

"One God and Father of all."—*Ephesians 4:6.*

WHAT JESUS SAID ABOUT BIRDS AND FLOWERS

"Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value than they? And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit unto his stature? And why are ye anxious concerning raiment?

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, . . . shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"—*Matt. 6:26-30.*

THE LAKE OF GALILEE

Another picture of the beautiful lake on which Jesus so often sailed with his disciples. The lake abounded in fish, and there was a great fleet of fishing boats which sailed about the lake and brought the fish to the many towns and cities on its shores. Some of Jesus' disciples were fishermen.

"And walking by the lake of Galilee, he saw two brethren, Simon who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the lake; for they were fishers. And he saith unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you fishers of men.

"And they straightway left their nets, and followed him.

"And going on from thence he saw other two brethren, James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, in the boat with Zebedee their father, mending their nets; and he called them. And they straightway left the boat and their father, and followed him."—*Matt. 4:18-22*

WHAT JESUS SAID ABOUT TREES

"Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so, every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. Therefore, by their fruits ye shall know them." —*Matt. 7:16-20.*

"And he spake to them a parable: Behold the fig tree and all the trees; when they now shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves that the summer is now nigh at hand." *Luke 21:29-30.*

JESUS AND THE LITTLE GIRL

Beseech....Beg.
Suffered....Allowed.
Many weeping and wailing....In the Bible times, when a person died, women were hired to weep and wail. This was supposed to honor the dead.

Once upon a time, there was a man named Jairus. He was a very important man among the Jews. He was one of the rulers of the synagogue; that means that he was one of those who had charge of the worship in the synagogue or church of the town. This man had a dear little daughter. This little girl was twelve years old, and her father and her mother loved her very much. One day she was taken sick. Her parents were very anxious about her, for each day she seemed to be growing worse. Then her father remembered that Jesus could cure people who were sick. So he went to find Jesus, and ask him if he would come and make his little girl well. Jesus was very busy when Jairus found him. He was talking to a great multitude of people. Jairus pushed through the crowd, and fell down at Jesus' feet, and begged him to come and make his little girl well. Jesus was very glad to come, but there were so many people about him that he had to walk very slowly. He stopped to heal a poor sick woman on the way. At last he drew near Jairus' house, but

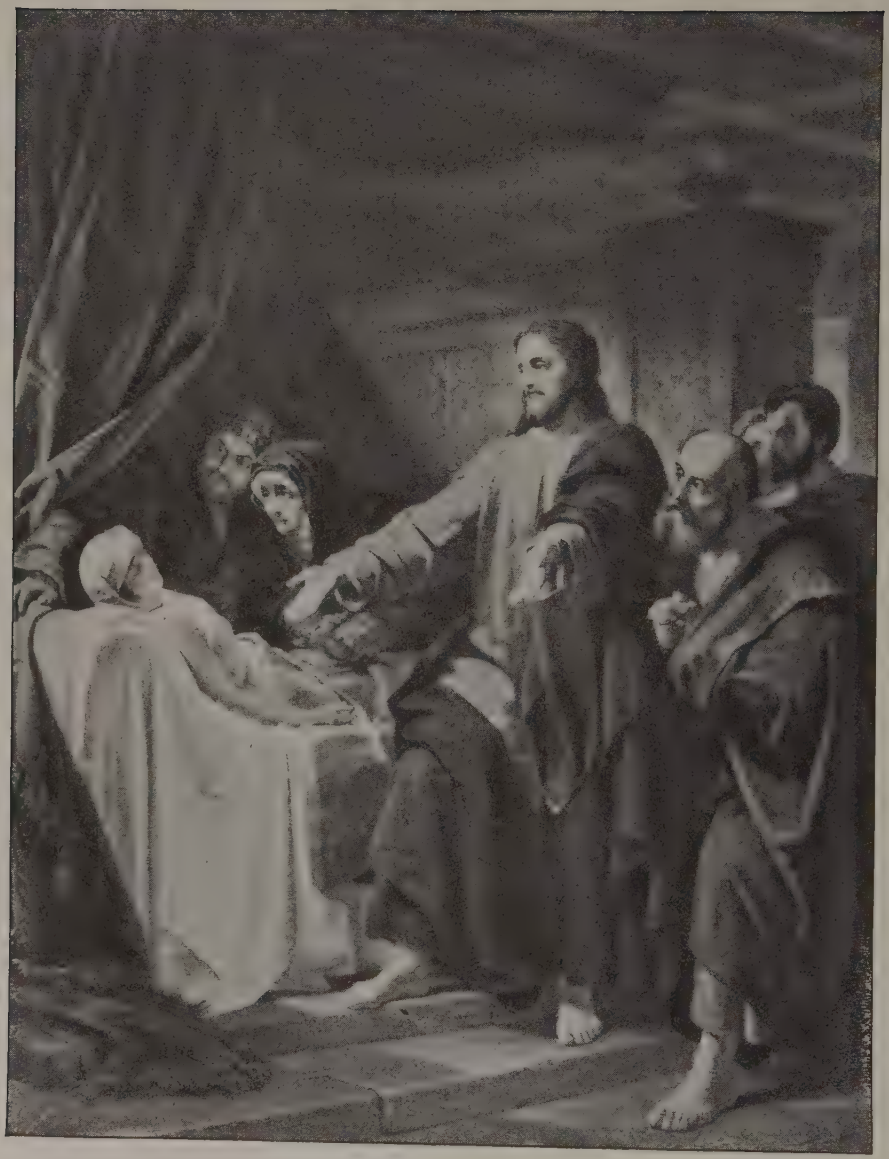
JESUS AND THE LITTLE GIRL

By Gustav Richter (1823-1884)

"The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

"Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name."

—*John Greenleaf Whittier*



people came out of the house and said it was too late, for the little girl was dead. How badly the poor father felt then! But Jesus told him not to be afraid, just to have faith in him. Here is the whole story, as it is told in the Bible:—

One day a great multitude was gathered about Jesus as he taught by the sea. And there cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name; and seeing him, he falleth at his feet, and beseecheth him much, saying:—

"My little daughter is at the point of death: I pray thee, that thou come and lay hands on her, that she may be made whole, and live."

And he went with him; and a great multitude followed him.

As he approached the house, people came out, who said to Jairus:—

"Thy daughter is dead; why troublest thou the Master any further?"

But Jesus, not heeding the word spoken, saith unto the ruler of the synagogue:—

"Fear not, only believe."

And they come to the house of the ruler of the synagogue; and he beholdeth a tumult, and many weeping and wailing greatly. And when he had entered in, he saith unto them:—

"Why make ye a tumult, and weep? The child is not dead but sleepeth."

And they laughed him to scorn. But he, having put them all forth, taketh the father of the child and her mother and them that were with him, and goeth in where the child was. And taking the child by the hand, he saith unto her:—

"Talitha cumi," which means in the language of the country, "Little girl, I say unto thee, Arise."

And straightway the little girl rose up, and walked.

EGYPTIAN TEMPLE ON THE ISLAND OF PHILAE

From an old photograph in the possession of the Springfield Public Library, and used by kind permission

This is one of the beautiful temples of Egypt on an island in the river Nile. This island has lately been covered by the waters of the great artificial lake formed by the dam built by the English government across the Nile to control the flow of the river. In the foreground is seen a "dahabiyeh," one of the peculiar boats for sailing upon the Nile

THE BABY HID IN A BASKET

Flags....Plants which grow in the water at the edges of ponds and rivers.
Bulrushes....Plants which were used for the weaving of baskets.
Ark....A woven basket.
Pitch....A sticky substance daubed on the basket to keep out the water.
Handmaid....A servant.

Once upon a time a little boy was born to some poor Hebrew people who were slaves in Egypt. The pharaoh, or king of that country, did not like the Hebrew people, and he said that all the little boy babies born to them must be killed. But the mother of this little boy wanted to save her pretty baby if she could. So she hid him three months. And when she could no longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with pitch ; and she put the child therein, and laid it in the flags by the river's brink. And his sister stood afar off, to know what would be done with him. And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to bathe at the river; and her maidens walked

along by the river side; and she saw the ark among the flags, and sent her handmaid to fetch it. And she opened it, and saw the child: and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, "This is one of the Hebrews' children."

Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, "Shall I call thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?"

And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, "Go."

And the maid went and called the child's mother. And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, "Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

And the woman took the child, and nursed it. And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses.

THE RIVER NILE

From an old photograph in the possession of the Springfield Public Library, and used by kind permission

The great river Nile was the very life of the country of Egypt which lies along its banks. A little way back from the river the desert begins. On the little green strip of the banks lived the proud and powerful people who enslaved the Israelites. A fleet of dahabiyehs is being loaded by the shore

AN OLD BOOK OF SONGS

Gates and Courts....The gates and open spaces of the temple of God.
Endureth....Lasteth.
Faithfulness....God will keep his promises.
Unto all generations....Always.

In a city of the Bible land, called Jerusalem, there was a great temple, a sort of big church. Every day people came to this temple to worship in it. On the Sabbath, all the people came to worship in it. They did not sit in seats as we do in church, but stood up and listened. In front of where they stood were steps. Here, where all the people could see, stood a great band of singers dressed in white robes. Near by, were men with silver trumpets. When they blew the trumpets, all the people bowed down to pray. Then the singers sang praises to God, and the musicians played upon all the instruments of music, and the great temple was filled with glad, joyous song. The book of songs from which they sang is the book of Psalms in our Bible. Many of the songs were calls to the people to praise God for his goodness. Here is one of them:—

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness:
Come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and we are his;
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise:
Give thanks unto him, and bless his name.
For the Lord is good; and his mercy endureth
for ever;
And his faithfulness unto all generations.

Here is another beautiful song of praise:—

O come, let us sing unto the Lord:
Let us make a joyful noise unto the rock of
our salvation.
Let us come into his presence with thanksgiving,
Let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
In his hand are the deep places of the earth;
The heights of the mountains are his also.
The sea is his, and he made it;
And his hands formed the dry land.
O come, let us worship and bow down;
Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker:
For he is our God,
And we are the people of his pasture, and the
sheep of his hand.

THE PYRAMIDS AND THE SPHINX

From an old photograph in the possession of the Springfield Public Library, and used by kind permission

The great pyramids of Egypt are among the wonders of the world. They are the tombs of some of the Pharaohs. They are great masses of stone, and we can hardly imagine how in those days it was possible to build them. The sphinx is a great stone figure of a beast with a human face. The pyramids and the sphinx were built before Joseph came to Egypt

Here is a song of trust in God, who watches over us day and night:—

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains:
From whence shall my help come?
My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper:
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall keep thee from all evil;
He shall keep thy soul.
The Lord shall keep thy going out and thy coming in,
From this time forth and for evermore.

The shortest song of all those in the book is a song of praise:—

O praise the Lord, all ye nations:
Praise him, all ye peoples.
For his merciful kindness is great toward us:
And the truth of the Lord endureth for ever.
Praise ye the Lord.

A STORY WHICH JESUS TOLD

Straightway . . . At once.
Tribulation . . . . Trouble.
Persecution . . . . Injury done one by an enemy.

Jesus often told the people little stories when he was teaching them to be good. These little stories he called parables. Here is one of the parables:—

THE STORY OF THE SOWER

And Jesus said, "Behold the sower went forth to sow; and, as he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the birds came and devoured them: and others fell upon the rocky places, where they had not much earth; and straightway they sprang up, because they had no deepness of earth, and when the sun was risen, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away. And others fell among the thorns; and the thorns grew up and choked them: and others fell upon the good ground, and yielded fruit, some a hundred fold, some sixty, some thirty."

THRESHING IN THE LANDS OF THE BIBLE

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, and used by her kind permission

What a strange company of animals we have here! A camel, two oxen, and a little white donkey! And is this not a hard way to thresh out the grain? This field, with its beasts at work, does not much resemble a great wheat field in the western states of America, with its wonderful machinery. It shows how little progress has been made in the East, to find the same methods employed now as in Bible times

Then Jesus explained the story to his disciples in this way. He said, "When anyone heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the evil one, and snatcheth away that which hath been sown in his heart. This is he that was sown by the wayside. And he that was sown upon the rocky places, this is he that heareth the word, and straightway with joy receiveth it; yet hath he not root in himself, but endureth for a while; and when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, straightway he stumbleth. And he that was sown among the thorns, this is he that heareth the word; and the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful. And he that was sown upon the good ground, this is he that heareth the word, and understandeth it; who verily beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some a hundred fold, some sixty, some thirty."

SOME THINGS WHICH JESUS TAUGHT THE PEOPLE

At one time Jesus went up the slopes of a mountain, and many people gathered about him and he taught them these words, which are called

THE BEATITUDES.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God.

"Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed

are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

THE BOY WHO CAME WHEN HE WAS CALLED

Wax....To grow.

Ark of God....A box of wood which was kept in the temple, and which the Jews thought was very precious and sacred.

There was once a woman who lived in the Bible land, and her name was Hannah. She had a little boy named Samuel. When Samuel was a baby, his mother made up her mind that she would give him to God, to serve in the temple. So she took him to the temple, and as soon as he was old enough he helped the good priest Eli about his work. Every year Hannah made a little coat for her boy, and gave it to him, when she came to see him at the temple. It was very hard for Hannah to have her dear little boy away from home, but she was very happy when she came to see him every year, and heard what a good boy he was. The old priest Eli was very fond of him. His own sons were very bad men, and that made him love Samuel all the more. Here is a story about Samuel and Eli, which shows what a good and obedient boy he was. Samuel grew up to be a very wise and a very great man, and served his country and God faithfully all his life.

A DRUSE FAMILY

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, and used by her kind permission

The Druses are a remarkable people living on the mountains of Lebanon in the northern part of Palestine. For a thousand years they have been a separate people, preserving many of the customs and manners of living of Bible times. This makes them a very interesting people to us. Most of them are well to do, but there is occasionally a poor family like the one shown in our picture. You will notice the cow shed at the front door, and the family dog, but can you see the donkey? What looks like a great brush heap in the middle of the picture is really a little donkey loaded with brush! If you look sharply you may see his little feet. At the left of the picture, on the hilltop, are the ruins of an old castle built by the Crusaders

And it came to pass at that time, when Eli was laid down in his place, and his eyes began to wax dim, that he could not see; and ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, and Samuel was laid down to sleep; that the Lord called Samuel; and he answered:—

"Here am I."

And he ran unto Eli and said, "Here am I; for thou calledst me."

And he said, "I called not; lie down again." And he went and lay down.

And the Lord called yet again, "Samuel."

And Samuel arose and went to Eli, and said, "Here am I; for thou didst call me."

And he answered, "I called not, my son; lie down again."

Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him. And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said, "Here am I; for thou didst call me." And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel:—

"Go, lie down: and it shall be if he call thee, that thou shalt say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'"

So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, "Samuel, Samuel."

Then Samuel answered, "Speak, for thy servant heareth."

BETHLEHEM

This is a picture of the village as seen close at hand, the Church of the Nativity in the foreground

"Seated on the summit level of the hill country of Judah, with deep gorges descending east to the Dead Sea, and west to the plains of Philistia, the shepherds of Bethlehem had to contend not only with bears and lions, but also with human enemies, the Philistines on the west, and Arab robbers on the east. They would therefore from childhood be accustomed to bear fatigue, hunger, heat and cold, both by night and by day, and also to brave every kind of danger and fight with every kind of antagonist. Thus the youthful David learned to sling stones when he led his father's flocks over the hills, and thus was he prepared to conquer Goliath; and so, too, by defending his charge against lions and bears, he learned to face lion-like men in war and conquer them."—"*The Land and the Book*"

STORIES OF DAVID

THE SHEPHERD BOY WHO KILLED A GIANT

Cubit....A measure used in Bible lands, thought to be about nineteen inches. The span was another measure, about half a cubit. According to this, the height of Goliath was about ten feet. A very tall giant indeed!

Greaves....Armor for the legs.

Target....A round shield.

Weaver's Beam....The heavy round piece of wood used in old looms.

Once upon a time there lived in the little village of Bethlehem among the hills of Judea, a shepherd lad whose name was David. Every day he led his flock of sheep to the greenest pasture and then watered them at the still pools of water.

This work was very pleasant when the weather was fair and warm, but sometimes it grows very cold in the hill country of Judea. The wind blows and the ground is covered with snow. Sometimes the shepherd is forced to stay out all night with his flock. Sometimes a lamb

is lost, and the shepherd has to search all night in the darkness, along dangerous paths in the hills. Sometimes wild beasts attack the flock and the shepherd must beat them off. Sometimes the wild people of the East try to carry off the sheep, and the shepherd is in danger of his life.

But this hard work and constant danger made David a strong, brave boy. He grew very skillful with the sling, which was a weapon much used in those days. With it even a boy could throw a stone very hard and far. Once when he was keeping the flock, a bear came to steal a lamb, and, at another time, a mountain lion, and David killed them both.

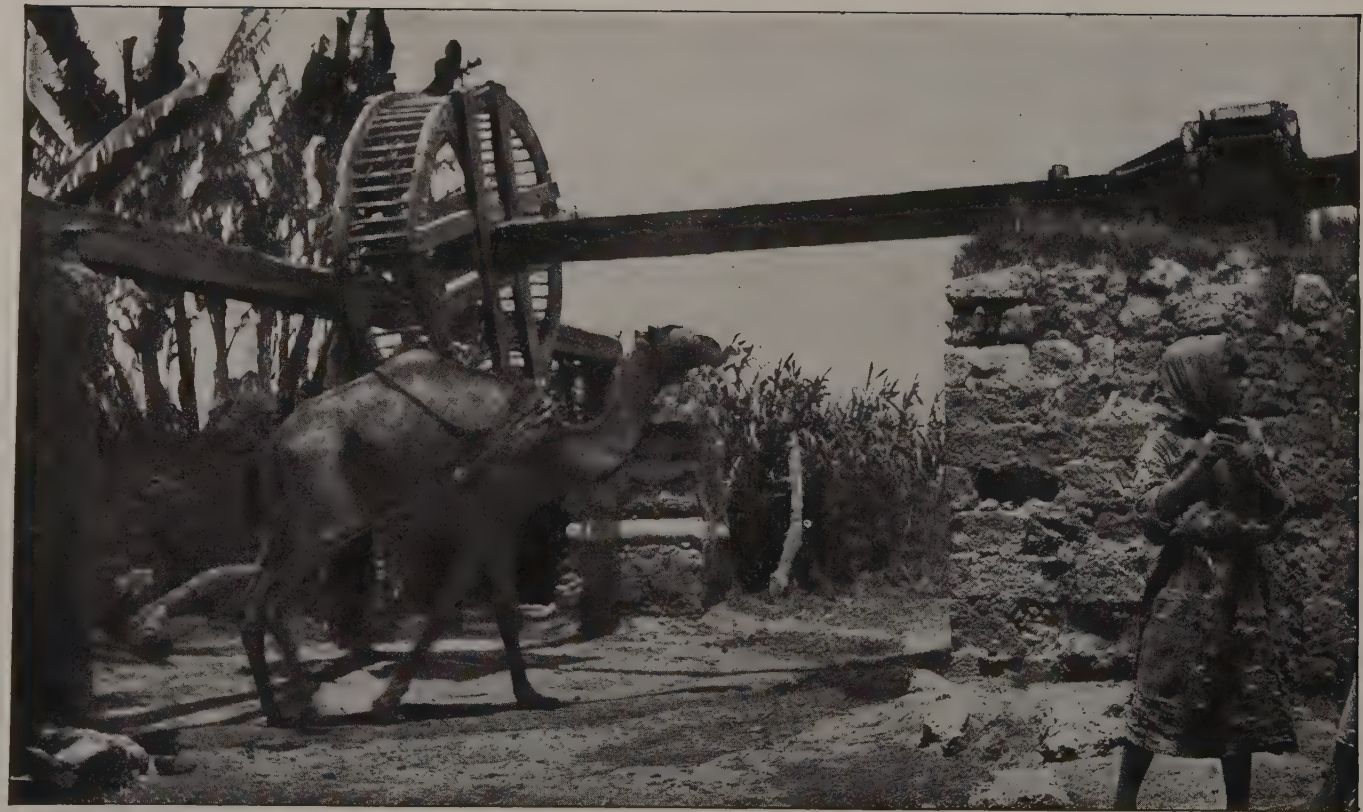
While David was still no more than a big boy, war broke out between his country and the Philistines. These people lived in the lower country to the west of Judea, and the two nations were very often at war. This time the two armies camped on opposite sides of a narrow valley.

The Philistines had a giant in their army, who used to come out every day and challenge anyone in the army of the Israelites to fight. This is how the giant is described:—

WATER WORKS IN OLD PHILISTIA

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, and used by her kind permission

This unusual picture was taken at the village of Yebnah, between Jaffa and Ashdod, in the country of old Philistia. The camel is harnessed to a pole, and, walking in a circle, turns the clumsy machinery which lifts the water from the well



"And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And he had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail, and he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders, and the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam, and a servant bearing a shield went before him."

Every day this great giant came out before the army and shouted out his challenge. "Choose you a man for you," he cried, "and let him come to me. If he be able to fight with me and kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him and kill him, then shall ye be our servants and serve us."

What a terrible sight he must have been with the sun shining on his bright brass armor, and his great roaring voice, which echoed among the hills! It is no wonder that the whole army of the Israelites was afraid, and that no champion was brave enough to come out to meet him.

All this time David was at home taking care of the sheep. He had three older brothers who were away with the army, but David was thought too young to be a soldier. It must have

been very hard for such a brave boy to stay at home, but he was a good boy as well as a brave one, and he patiently did his work.

One day David's mother had made some very nice bread, and some cheese, and she remembered that the boys in camp would have very poor food. So David's father said he might go up to camp and take some roasted corn and the bread to his brothers, and he sent, too, ten cheeses to the captain of the boys' company.

David was delighted to go. He came quickly to the camp, and, leaving his bread, and corn, and cheese with a servant in the rear, went right up to the front where the line of battle was intrenched. He was just in time to see Goliath come out and shout his challenge. Just then David's oldest brother caught sight of him, and thought he had run away from home to see the battle.

"What are you doing here, David?" he shouted angrily. "Why have you left that little flock of sheep to be eaten up by wild beasts in the pastures? You are a naughty boy, and you have just come here to see the battle."

David replied, "What have I done now? Is n't there a good reason why I have come?"

AN EASTERN SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, and used by her kind permission

This is an exceptionally fine picture of a flock of sheep and their shepherd as they appear in the country of the Bible. This picture was taken in the springtime on the beautiful plain of Sharon which borders the seacoast from Joppa to Mt. Carmel. The prophet Isaiah says, "Sharon shall be a pasturage for flocks." The picture shows how the whole plain is carpeted with bright colored flowers

And there was good reason, when no one in all the army was brave enough to fight Goliath.

David went to king Saul, who was the general of the army, and offered to fight the giant. The king was very much surprised, and told him he was only a boy, while the giant had been a soldier for many years.

But David told Saul how he had killed the lion and the bear, and said that the God who helped him in his fight with these wild beasts would help him in his fight with the giant.

Then Saul allowed him to try, and offered him a suit of armor. David tried it on, but it was not what the shepherd boy had been used to wear, so he would not take it.

He went down to the brook and picked out five smooth, round stones, just right for his sling. Then, with his shepherd's staff and bag and his sling, he went out of the lines of the army to meet the giant.

When the great giant saw the shepherd lad, he laughed, and then he grew very angry.

"Am I a dog," he said, "that you come to fight me with a shepherd's stick? Come to me, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field."

Then little David answered, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied."

Then Goliath marched forward in all his brass armor to kill David; and David ran, too, straight toward the giant. When he was at the right distance he put a stone into his sling and took good aim. Away went the stone and struck the giant right in the middle of the forehead! Down he fell on his face with a crash.

Then David marched up and drew the giant's great sword out of its sheath and cut off his head.

What a shout arose from the army of Israel when they saw that the great giant whom they so much feared, was dead! And this is the way a brave boy killed a great boastful giant, with all his bragging words and his brass armor.

THE "TOMB OF RACHEL" WITH BETHLEHEM IN THE DISTANCE

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Fontaine Meriwether,
and used by her kind permission

This picture is chiefly interesting for the beautiful view it gives of Bethlehem, lying white against the hillside in the distance

DAVID AND KING SAUL

After David had killed the giant Goliath, King Saul would not let him go back to his father's house at Bethlehem, but made him stay at the court, and gave him a high command in the army. King Saul was not well. He had a disease of the mind which made him at times almost, if not quite, insane. At such times he was very sad and gloomy. David could play very sweetly on the harp. When the king felt this trouble in his mind, he would send for David, who would play on the harp and the playing would soothe and calm the king so that he would be himself again.

David was a poet; he not only played upon the harp but he wrote some of the beautiful songs or psalms which he sang. In some of these songs he told about the love of God, who cares for his children as the shepherd cares for his flock.

The poet Browning wrote a beautiful poem about Saul and David and how the skillful playing of the shepherd had helped the king. Here

is a stanza of the poem. David is supposed to be telling someone about his playing to the king.

"Then I tuned my harp,—took off the lilies we twine round its chords
Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noontide —those sunbeams like swords!
And I first played the tune all our sheep know, as, one after one,
So docile they come to the pen-door till folding be done.
They are white and untorn by the bushes, for lo, they have fed
Where the long grasses stifle the water within the stream's bed;
And now one after one seeks its lodging, as star follows star
Into eve and the blue far above us,—so blue and so far!"

But in spite of David's playing the king's health grew worse. He became very jealous of David. David was young and strong and handsome, and a favorite with every one. Saul at last came to hate him. Once he threw his spear at David, but missed his aim and David escaped. David was afraid that the king would kill him, so he gathered a few bold men about

THE CONVENT OF MAR-SARBA IN THE WILDERNESS OF JUDEA

From an old photograph in the possession of the Springfield Public Library, and used by kind permission

It was in this wild and desolate country on the eastern edge of Palestine that David hid in caves and ravines when pursued by his enemy, King Saul

him, and became an outlaw. Day after day Saul and his soldiers pursued David but he always managed to escape, hiding in caves by day and marching by night.

More than once David had Saul in his power and might have put him to death, but he was too brave and generous to take advantage of his weakness, and besides he felt that it was wrong to harm the nation's king. One night Saul and his soldiers had encamped near the place where David and his men were hiding. The night was dark. All the sentries were asleep. Quietly, David and one of his men stole into the camp, and came to the spot where Saul lay asleep with his spear stuck in the ground beside his head. The soldier wanted David to kill his enemy, but he would not do it. He took Saul's spear and the water skin which was beside him and crept safely past the sentries and out of the camp again.

When he had gone to a safe distance, he stood on a hill and shouted and awakened the men in the camp, and told them to look for the spear and the water skin. So they knew that David had truly been in the camp and had spared the king's life.

DAVID AND JONATHAN

While David was living at the king's court his dearest friend was Jonathan, Saul's son. These two young men loved each other as soon as they met, which was after David had killed the giant. They went everywhere together. They hunted and played their games together. They were like two brothers. Jonathan was never jealous of David. He wanted him to be liked by others. He gave him the best that he had himself. He was a very kind hearted and generous young man. It made him very sad because his father was so cruel to David. He could not believe that his father really wished to kill his friend.

At last David did not dare to come to the king's court nor to take his place at the king's table. Still Jonathan did not believe that his father really meant to do harm to his friend. To test the king they planned to leave David in a hiding place in the field while Jonathan went home to see his father. When David did not take his place at the table, the king grew very gloomy. "Where is David?" he said.

WINNOWING IN THE LANDS OF THE BIBLE

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, and used by her kind permission

In the East, after the grain is threshed out by the trampling of cattle or by driving over it with sledges, it is tossed up in the air by a kind of fork. The wind blows the light chaff away, while the heavier grain falls in a heap. This explains many of the allusions in the Bible

"He asked permission to run home to Bethlehem to offer the sacrifice with his family," replied Jonathan.

At that the king grew furious in his rage. He told his son that David wanted to steal the kingdom away from him (for Jonathan was the oldest son and would be king when Saul died).

Saul was so angry that he even threw his spear at his own son, and so Jonathan knew that his father had determined to kill his friend.

David was hiding behind a great rock in the field, and, according to a plan they had made beforehand, Jonathan came out the next day with his bow and arrows and pretended to shoot at a mark. He had a little boy with him to run for the arrows.

The plan was this: If Jonathan said to the boy, "The arrows are on this side of you," David would know that all was safe. But if he said, "The arrows are beyond you," he would know that he was in great danger.

Jonathan came and shot his arrows, and cried, "The arrows are beyond you."

So David knew that the king intended to kill him. They waited until the boy had gone and then David came out, and Jonathan told

him how sorry he was that the friend he loved so much must go away. In many other ways Jonathan showed his great love for his friend.

At last both Saul and Jonathan were killed in a great battle with the Philistines. Then David mourned deeply for Jonathan and he made a song of mourning about their friendship. This is a part of it:—

"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in
their lives,
And in their death they were not divided;
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions.
How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the
battle!
O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places!
I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan:
Very pleasant hast thou been to me,
Thy love was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.
How are the mighty fallen,
And the weapons of war perished!"

WINNOWING OF GRAIN AFTER THRESHING IN EGYPT

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After the grain was threshed it was winnowed. The mixture of grain, chaff, and broken straw was turned over and shaken with a wooden fork. It was thrown high in the air so that the wind might carry away the chaff. This work was often carried on at night to take advantage of the night wind, which was usually stronger than during the day. After the first process another was carried on by the "fan," a kind of shovel by which there was a still further separation of impurities. The final cleansing was accomplished by a sieve. The chaff was burned or blown away by the wind. In the picture the blurred appearance is the chaff which has just been tossed up and is being blown away.

DAVID AND HIS THREE BRAVE SOLDIERS

Once when David was fighting against the Philistines the little town of Beth-lehem was in the hands of the enemy. David had a great longing for a drink of the cool water of the well which was near the gate of the town. It seemed to him that he would be perfectly happy if he could taste that water which he used to enjoy so much when he was a boy. He wanted it so much that he spoke out loud and said, "Oh, that one would give me a drink of the water of the well of Beth-lehem which is near the gate!"

Some of his men overheard him as he said this to himself, and three of his brave soldiers left the cave where they were hiding, and broke through the enemy's lines and brought back a drink of the water to David. But when David saw them all bleeding from the wounds which they had received, he would not drink the water which they brought, because it had cost so much in the blood of his men.

So he poured it out upon the ground as an offering to God of something very sacred and precious, and as a way of showing his friends that he prized their love more than the water for which he longed.

HEBRON

From an old photograph in the possession of the Springfield Public Library, and used by kind permission

It was here that perhaps the oldest city in Palestine was built. The picture shows the character of the country, the hills and valleys with the towns showing white on the hillsides or nestling in the valleys

DAVID AND HIS SON ABSALOM

After Saul and Jonathan had been killed in battle David became king. He did many brave and wise things and some foolish and evil things. For the wrong deeds he was punished by great sorrows.

He had a favorite son named Absalom. Absalom grew up to be a very bad boy. No doubt David was foolish in his affection and did not train the boy as he should.

He grew so bad at last that he gathered an army and rebelled against the king. At first he was successful and actually drove his father out of Jerusalem.

But David's army rallied and defeated Absalom and his bad friends in a great battle.

When Absalom knew that his army was defeated he tried to escape by riding away on the back of a swift mule. But as he passed under a great oak in the dark forest where the battle was fought, his long hair was caught in the low hanging branches. Here he hung help-

lessly until the soldiers of David came up and killed him.

David was very sorrowful while the battle was being fought, because he loved the boy so much. He sat at the gate of the city and watched and waited. Suddenly the watchman on the tower called out that he saw a man running, and in a few moments he said that he saw another.

In the lands of the Bible, messengers, swift of foot and trained in running, always brought the news to the city as quickly as they could run.

When the first messenger came the king said quickly, "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

"I saw a great tumult when I left the battle field," said the runner, "but I knew not what it meant."

"Stand aside here," said the king.

Then came the second man and he called out, "Tidings, my lord the king!"

"Is my boy Absalom safe?" again cried the king.

Then the messenger replied, "The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise up against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is."

The king knew that this meant that the boy he loved so much was dead.

And the king was deeply moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept, and as he went there he said, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

THE STORY OF A GOOD KING

When King David died, Solomon his son became king. He was the wisest and best king the people ever had. He is often called "the wise king." One night soon after he became king he had a dream. In his dream he seemed to see the Lord, who said, "Ask what I shall give thee."

Instead of asking for great riches or honor or power, Solomon asked for wisdom.

He said, "I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart."

And the Lord replied, "Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked for the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself understanding, behold, I have done according to thy word; I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart, and I have given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honor, so that

CHILDREN AT CANA

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Fontaine Meriwether,
and used by her kind permission

there shall not be any among the kings like thee all thy days."

Then Solomon awoke and knew it was a dream, but in after years the dream came true, and Solomon became the wisest and richest king in the world.

Every year his ships sailed away and brought many rare and costly things from the East. They brought gold, and silver, and precious stones, and ivory, and apes, and peacocks.

At one time Solomon had a visit from the Queen of Sheba, who had heard of his great wisdom and wished very much to see him. She came with a great many servants riding upon camels, and she brought him as presents, gold, and precious stones, and spices.

Many kings came also to see him and they brought as presents, gold, and silver, and costly cloths, and spices, and horses, and mules with their harnesses.

Solomon's greatest wish was to build a beautiful house in which to worship God. So he sent to King Hiram, who lived in the north country where the great cedars of Lebanon grew, and Hiram sent his woodcutters into the forest and they cut down the great cedars

and squared the logs into beams. Then the lumber was taken to the coast and floated on rafts in the sea along the shore and then brought over the land to Jerusalem.

There were also men working in the stone quarries hewing out the great stones for the foundation, and skillful workmen making the golden ornaments and the beautiful carving.

So carefully were the stones and timbers cut and marked that they were all put together without the sound of hammer or axe. This beautiful building was the first temple which the Israelites built and it has always been called "Solomon's Temple."

CAMEL MERCHANTS

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton,
and used by her kind permission

These men are on the way from Palestine to sell their camels in Egypt. Every year great herds of camels are still brought from the East to sell for the carrying of merchandise in caravans, just as they were used in the days of the Bible

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

Vesture. . . . Clothing.
Famine. . . . A time when the crops fail and there is no food, and people often starve.
Hostage. . . . One who is held by an enemy to be sure that promises are kept.
Myrrh and balm. . . . Precious gums very much used in the East.

There was once a boy whose father loved him very much indeed. The boy's name was Joseph. His father's name was Jacob. The father gave the boy a coat of many colors. It was a very fine coat and he was very proud of it. He had eleven brothers, and they hated him because he was his father's favorite. He had a dream in which he saw the sun and the moon and eleven stars bowing down before him. This made the brothers hate him still more, and even his father was none too well pleased.

One day the brothers were taking care of the sheep in a distant pasture, and Jacob sent Joseph to see how the boys were getting along.

The shepherd boys saw him while he was still a long way off, and they said, "Here comes

the dreamer. Let us kill him and put him into some pit, and say to father, 'Some wild beast has killed him,' and then see what will become of his dreams!" They were very bad boys indeed.

They all agreed but Reuben, who was the only one who had any pity for Joseph. He really wanted to save his brother, but in order to deceive the others he said, "Do not kill him, but put him alive into some pit, in an out-of-the-way place." He said this hoping to come back and rescue Joseph when the others had gone.

They finally consented; so, when Joseph came up, they took off his coat of many colors and put him into a pit. Probably they did not handle him at all gently!

Then Reuben went away and the others calmly sat down to eat their dinner. While they were eating, they looked up and saw a long caravan with camels loaded with spices and balm and myrrh going from the East down to Egypt.

Then an idea came to Judah, one of the brothers. "Let us sell Joseph," he said, "so we shall get rid of him and no guilt of his blood will be on our hands."

ONE OF THE PYRAMIDS

From an old photograph in the possession of the Springfield Public Library, and used by kind permission

Another one of the great pyramids which rise above the level country of Egypt, monuments to the departed greatness of her rulers. Recent explorations show that the civilization of Egypt goes back more than four thousand years before the time of Christ

They drew Joseph, who must have been well frightened by this time, out of the pit, and sold him to the traders for twenty pieces of silver.

When Reuben came back he was very much distressed, but he did not dare to tell his father the truth. They agreed to dip Joseph's coat of many colors in blood and say that a wild beast had eaten him. Then they went home and pretended to be very sorry and told their poor old father this lie which they had made up. The father believed it because they showed him the coat of many colors which they had dipped in blood. Jacob was very sad and mourned a long time for his boy.

The traders carried Joseph to Egypt and sold him as a slave. He was treated badly and at last put into prison. While he was there the Pharaoh, the king of the country, had a dream. He dreamed that he saw seven fat oxen come up out of a river and feed in a meadow. Then seven lean and hungry oxen came out of the river and ate up the fat oxen. Then he saw seven fine full ears of corn on one stalk, but there grew also seven poor thin ears, which destroyed the good ears.

No one could tell the king what his dream

meant, until he heard that Joseph, who was in prison, was able to tell the meaning of dreams. So he called Joseph, who was very glad to come out of the dark prison. Joseph told the king at once what his dream meant. He said that there would be seven years of plenty in Egypt, when there would be great crops of grain. Then would come seven years of famine, when no crops would grow. Joseph advised the king to build great store houses and to store up the grain during the years of plenty, so that the people might not starve during the years of famine.

Pharaoh was much pleased because Joseph told him the meaning of the dream, and at once appointed him as the man to gather the grain during the years of plenty.

And Pharaoh said to Joseph, "See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt."

And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck; and he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had, and they cried before him, "Bow the knee!" and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt.

TEMPLE AT THEBES

From an old photograph in the possession of the Springfield Public Library, and used by kind permission

This is another of the great Egyptian temples, built thousands of years ago, with the massive columns still standing

And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "I am Pharaoh, and without thy consent no man shall lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt."

So the shepherd boy, who had been sold as a slave in Egypt, became next to Pharaoh the chief man in all the country!

During the next seven years, there never had been such harvests, and Joseph went about gathering up the great loads of grain into all the storehouses.

Then came the terrible famine. No grain grew in the fields. But Joseph was ready. The people came to him and bought grain to keep them from starving.

All this time Joseph's father thought he was dead and he never ceased to mourn for his boy. By and by the famine reached the land where Joseph's father lived and he sent his sons down to Egypt to buy food, but of course they did not know that the ruler of Egypt was Joseph.

Ten of Jacob's sons, each with his donkey, went to Egypt, but the youngest boy, Benjamin, Jacob kept at home.

When they came to the palace where Joseph lived, he knew at once that they were his

brothers, but they did not know him. At first Joseph treated them roughly. He said they were spies. But they told him they were all brothers who lived in the land of Canaan and their youngest brother and their father they had left at home. Joseph still seemed to be very angry and put them in prison for three days.

Then he let them out and told them to go home, all but Simeon, whom he would keep as a hostage, and bring back their youngest brother, and then he would believe that they spoke the truth.

They started back, each with his donkey loaded with grain. When they stopped at an inn they found that the money which they had paid for the grain was in the top of each sack.

They reached home at last and told their father all that had happened. The story made the old man very sad. He would not let them go back to Egypt. He said that he had lost two sons, Joseph and Simeon, and he could not let Benjamin, whom he loved next to Joseph, go with them.

But the famine kept on. They had nothing to eat and at last Jacob was forced to let them

AN EASTERN HOUSE

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, and used by her kind permission

This house is made of mud—that is, sun-dried clay, with a roof of thatch, and shows how houses were made and looked in Bible times. The children of the village have come to have their eyes treated by the doctor. Many of the children in the hot countries of the East have trouble with their eyes, and blindness. The little village of mud houses where this was taken is on the site of the ancient Ashdod, one of the five powerful cities of the Philistines

go. They promised to take the best of care of Benjamin and started on their journey.

When they reached Egypt Joseph was more kind. He asked them how they were and said, "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spoke? Is he yet alive?"

And they answered, "Thy servant, our father, is yet alive. He is in good health."

Then he saw Benjamin and said, "Is this your younger brother of whom ye spoke unto me?"

And he said, "God be gracious unto thee, my son."

He gave them a feast, and told them to go home, but as soon as they were gone he sent an officer after them. The officer caught up with them and opened the bags of grain, and there was Joseph's own golden cup in the mouth of Benjamin's sack!

They were wild with fear. They said that their poor old father would die if anything happened to Benjamin. But the stern officer took them back to Joseph.

Then Joseph told them who he was, and forgave them for the evil they had once done him.

He said to them, "Go home and say to Jacob, 'Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt; come down unto me, tarry not; and thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou and thy children's children, and thy flocks and thy herds, and all that thou hast.' And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt and of all that ye have seen, and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither."

The brothers went home and the old man Jacob and all his family came to Egypt to live. So Jacob saw Joseph again before he died.

And Joseph ruled wisely and well over Egypt all the days of his life.

THE GREAT STATUES OF MEMNON

From a photograph in the possession of the Springfield Public Library, and used by kind permission

These great statues, carved out of the solid rock, were erected to the honor of two of the Pharaohs of Egypt. You may realize something of the immense size of these monuments by noticing how small the camel standing at the base seems in comparison

THE BOY WHO WAS RAISED FROM THE DEAD

Once upon a time there was a widow who lived, with her only son, in a city in the land of the Bible. She was very poor, and one year she found herself still poorer. Everybody was poor that year, for there was a famine in the land. How thin and hungry some of the children became! How glad they were to get even poor food! How carefully the poor widow watched her barrel of flour and her jar, or cruse, of oil, with which the flour was mixed for baking! How hard she worked to get more! At last she had only a little flour and a little oil left. She was almost starving. There was just enough left to make one more cake for herself and her boy, and after that was gone she did not know what they would do. Perhaps they must die. She went out to gather some sticks for a fire. While she was gathering them, a man came by. He was a prophet, named Elijah, but she did not know him. He called to

her, and said, "Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink."

And as she was going to fetch it, he called to her, and said, "Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand."

And she said, "As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die."

And Elijah said to her, "Fear not; go and do as thou hast said: but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it to me, and after make for thee and for thy son.

"For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, 'The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.'"

And she went and did according to the saying of Elijah: and she, and he, and her house, did eat many days.

And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he spoke by Elijah.

And it came to pass after these things, that

ON THE ROAD NEAR TIBERIAS,
WITH THE LAKE OF GALILEE IN THE DISTANCE

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Fontaine Meriwether,
and used by her kind permission

This interesting picture, with laden camel and group of native people, shows very well the nature of the country about the lake of Galilee, the hill rising above the lake and the village nestling on its shore. In the distance can be seen the waters of the lake and the shadowy hills upon the farther shore. It is thus that the country must have looked in the old days when it was the center of so much active life

the son of the woman, the mistress of the house, fell sick; and his sickness was so sore, that there was no breath left in him.

And she said to Elijah, "What have I to do with thee, O thou man of God? art thou come unto me to call my sin to remembrance, and to slay my son?"

And he said to her, "Give me thy son." And he took him out of her bosom, and carried him up into a loft, where he abode, and laid him upon his own bed.

And he cried to the Lord, and said, "O Lord my God, hast thou also brought evil upon the widow with whom I sojourn, by slaying her son?"

And he stretched himself upon the child three times, and cried to the Lord, and said, "O Lord my God, I pray thee, let this child's soul come into him again."

And the Lord heard the voice of Elijah; and the soul of the child came into him again, and he revived.

And Elijah took the child, and brought him down out of the chamber into the house, and delivered him to his mother: and Elijah said, "See, thy son liveth!"

And the woman said to Elijah, "Now by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth."

GOING TO THE DOCTOR

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, and used by her kind permission

These poor women of the East have brought their poor little sick children on the patient old donkey to the doctor. As the custom is in the East, the faces of the women are covered by veils. This is the way the Eastern mothers used to bring their sick little children to Jesus in the old days

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

The people of the Bible land had lost their kingdom before the time of Christ. They had no king of their own, but governors came from Rome, a city hundreds of miles away, and ruled them. But the people hoped that this would not last. They wanted a kingdom of their own. They believed God would give it to them some day. They prayed that it might come. When Jesus began to teach and hear people, they thought perhaps he would be a king to bring this kingdom that God would give them. But Jesus had something better than a great kingdom on earth. He tried to make them understand what it was. He called it the kingdom of heaven. By that he meant the rule of God in the world.

God's rule is not in a great palace, with soldiers and a throne and great splendor. It is in the heart, and grows up very quietly, like the plants in the field. Jesus once told a story to show this. It was the story of

THE MUSTARD SEED

"The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field.

"Which indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

So the kingdom of heaven grows very quietly. But it is very precious, even if it is hidden away so closely. One might better let anything else go than that.

Again, he told them, the kingdom of heaven is like to a net, that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind.

Again, the kingdom is like to a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls.

How proud a man is to be a citizen of a great country! In this country we are proud to be Americans. Do you suppose you could be a citizen of the kingdom of God? Yes. Jesus said once that children and people who were like children belong to this kingdom.

"Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

LOADING CAMELS AT JERUSALEM

From a photograph taken by Prof. D. G. Lyon,
and used by his kind permission

In the East much of the commerce is still carried on by means of caravans of camels; sometimes there are several thousand camels in one of these great caravans conveying all kinds of merchandise from one point to another. The camel will carry a very heavy load, but it utters piteous cries of complaint when it thinks the load is too heavy

THE LITTLE CAPTIVE MAID

Leprosy....A very dreaded disease.
Leper....One who has leprosy.
Rent his clothes....To show great sorrow or trouble.
Chariot....A small wagon with two wheels, used in war.
Flesh shall come again....In leprosy the flesh dries up, and the person becomes very thin.

In the old times war was very cruel. Houses were burned and men and women killed, and very often the little children were taken far away and sold for slaves. Sometimes they never came back to their homes or friends again.

There had been war between the people in Israel and the people who lived in a country called Syria, which lay to the north of Israel. In this war a little girl had been taken away, and sold as a slave. She was bought by a great general named Naaman, who took her home, and she waited on Naaman's wife. Naaman and his wife must have been kind to the little slave girl, for when he was sick she wished that he could be made well.

Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance to Syria: he was also a mighty man of valor, but he was a leper. And the little maid said to her mistress, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would heal him of his leprosy." And one went in, and told his lord, saying, "Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel." And the king of Syria said, "I will send a letter unto the king of Israel."

And he departed, and took with him a large present of money and fine clothes.

And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, "Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest heal him of his leprosy."

And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, "Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to heal a man of his leprosy? wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me."

And it was so, when Elisha the man of God

had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, "Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel."

So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha.

And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean."

Then Naaman was angry, and turned to go away in a rage.

And his servants came near, and spoke unto him, and said, "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, 'Wash, and be clean'?"

Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

HOW THE PEOPLE TRAVELED IN THE LANDS OF THE BIBLE

Did they have railroads? Oh, no. Railroads were first built less than a hundred years ago, and the Bible times were many hundreds of years ago.

Then they must have traveled in wagons? Not often. There were few roads, and wagons were not very common.

Then they went on horseback? Sometimes, but not often. In the earliest Bible times horses were only used in war, and only the kings of great countries kept a few, for their most honored soldiers to ride on.

How did they travel, then? Very often they rode on the backs of donkeys and asses. These are smaller than horses, but can go almost as fast. Do you remember how Jesus rode into Jerusalem on an ass, with the children shouting and waving palm branches before him? For short journeys, or in the land of Palestine itself, the ass was the animal most used.

But on many sides of the land of Palestine the roads that go out pass over country that is more and more bare, until finally the green grass is seen no more and only here and there is a small tree, and there are no flocks of white sheep, for there is nothing on which they can feed, and it is a long way, sometimes a whole day's journey, from one spring of water to another. Nothing but yellow sand

SHEPHERD BOY ON THE HILLS NEAR BETHLEHEM

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This attractive picture of the shepherd lad shows that the work of the shepherd still goes on in Judea as it did in the days of the shepherd boy, David. A writer gives this picture of the shepherd life at the present day: "Sometimes we enjoyed our noonday rest beside one of those Judean wells, to which two or three shepherds come down with their flocks. The flocks mixed with each other, and we wondered how each shepherd would get his own again. But after the watering and the playing were over, the shepherds one by one went up different sides of the valley, and each called out his peculiar call; and the sheep of each drew out of the crowd, to their own shepherd, and the flocks passed away as orderly as they came. 'The Shepherd of the Sheep, . . . when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow.' 'I am the Good Shepherd, and know my sheep and am known of mine.' These words our Lord spake in Judea."

and bare rocks! How the hot sun beats down in the summer! How dry all the ground looks! That is a desert. The little donkeys find it hard to travel on the long, stony desert roads. They must carry water to drink, or they would die of thirst. But if they carry water, they cannot carry much else.

Did you ever see a camel? They have long legs and broad feet, that can walk over the sand without sinking in. What long necks and queer humped backs they have! They are not beautiful animals. I am sorry to say that they are not very good tempered either, but are often very cross and stubborn. Sometimes they reach out that long neck and try to bite. Sometimes they refuse to go if they think they are loaded too heavily. But often they are very patient. They carry heavy loads and travel long distances. They can go a long time without drinking, where a horse or an ass would die of thirst. They are made for a desert country. Men call them "the ship of the desert." They were often used for long journeys in Bible times, as they are still in the same countries. Here is a story which tells how a servant of Abraham made a long journey on camels, and how the camels were given drink at the close of the journey.

"And the servant took ten camels of the camels of his master, and departed; for all the goods of his master were in his hand: and he arose, and went to Mesopotamia, to the city of

Nahor. And he made his camels to kneel down without the city by a well of water at the time of the evening, even the time that women go out to draw water," and Rebekah, a niece of Abraham, "came out with her pitcher upon her shoulder. And the maiden was very fair to look upon: and she went down to the well, and filled her pitcher, and came up. And the servant ran to meet her, and said, 'Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher.'

"And she said, 'Drink, my lord': and she hasted, and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him to drink.

"And when she had done giving him drink, she said, 'I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking.'

"And she hasted, and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels."

Then she went home and told of him, and her brother ran and came out to the servant and said, "'Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; wherefore standest thou without? for I have prepared the house, and room for the camels.'

"And the man came into the house: and he ungirded his camels, and gave straw and prov-

ender for the camels, and water to wash his feet and the men's feet that were with him. And there was set food before him to eat."

A few days later Rebekah, with her servant, mounted the camels, too, and went back with Abraham's servant, the long desert journey, to be the wife of Abraham's son Isaac.

HOUSES IN THE LANDS OF THE BIBLE

The people in Bible lands did not have houses like those we live in to-day. You would not like to live in their houses. They were low, and small, and dark. Some were built of stone, but many were built of a sun-dried brick. They had flat roofs, where the people often went and where they slept in warm weather. A stair led up to the roof from the outside. Those that were made of the sun-dried brick were not very durable. Thieves could easily "break through and steal." The house which the man "built upon the sand" crumbled into mud and was swept away when "the winds blew and the floods came" and "great was the fall of it."

Of course the king lived in a beautiful palace and rich people had fine houses, but the houses of the poor people were only huts.

CHILDREN OF NAZARETH

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Fontaine Meriwether,
and used by her kind permission

CHILDREN IN THE LANDS OF THE BIBLE

The children of Bible lands were very well cared for. They were sent to school. They were taught the Bible very carefully and every Sabbath they went to church. The children were very busy. They learned early to watch over the sheep, to work in the fields, to card and spin the wool and weave the cloth. Every child was taught some special trade or business. Still they had time to play and enjoyed their games as much as you do.

Jesus was taught to be a carpenter like Joseph. Nazareth, where he lived when he was a boy, is a small town in Galilee. There are beautiful fields and hills about. When he climbed the hills he could see, far away, the sea. He must have loved to pick the lovely lilies which grew in the fields. All the little boys and girls must have liked to play with Jesus, for he must have been always gentle and kind.

JERUSALEM

The city that the Bible tells most about is Jerusalem. It is on a high ridge of hills in the middle of the land. On one side of it is a deep valley, and across the valley a hill called the Mount of Olives. On that hill there was a village, Bethany, where some of Jesus' friends lived. Deep valleys were on two other sides of the city.

Why did they build cities on the hilltops, and not in the valleys? Because, in the old days when wars often took place, a city on a hilltop could not be so easily taken. It was a safe place to live. To make it still safer, a wall was built around it, very thick and high. On the top there was a path, with a low wall outside, so that in war armed men could go up and shoot from the wall. In the walls there were great gates, that were shut at night and when there was a war.

In the city of Jerusalem was the palace of the Jewish kings, and the temple. King Solomon built the first temple. It stood for over three hundred and fifty years, then it was destroyed in a war. The city was burned and the walls thrown down, and many of the people were killed. After more than fifty years, another temple was built on the same spot. It was later added to and made more beautiful. It was built of white stone. A man who saw it wrote that it looked, when the sun shone

THE SISTINE MADONNA

By Raphael (1483-1520)

Raphael is generally considered the greatest of all painters, and the Sistine Madonna is the most famous Madonna in the world.

"The Sistine Madonna is above all words of praise; all extravagance of expression is silenced before her simplicity. Not one false note, not one exaggerated emphasis, jars upon the harmony of body, soul, and spirit. Confident, but entirely unassuming; serious, but without sadness; joyous, but not to mirthfulness; eager, but without haste; she moves steadily forward with steps timed to the rhythmic music of the spheres."—*Estelle M. Hurll*

on it, like a mountain of snow. This stood a long time, almost six hundred years, then in another war it also was thrown down, and never has been built again. It was this temple that was standing when Christ lived. He often taught in the open spaces about it. When he was a boy of twelve he first visited it, and the last days of his life he spent teaching in it. Jesus loved the temple and Jerusalem very much. He was very sorry that it must be destroyed. He said once, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!"

A Jewish poet wrote a little poem about Jerusalem, to show how he loved it. Here it is:—

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

"Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

"Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:

"Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

"Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

"For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

"Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good."

Another poet who was living in a foreign land, wrote another poem:—

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

"We hung our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

"For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

"If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

When one Bible writer hoped for some great good in the future, and wanted to make a very glorious picture, as splendid as he could, he told of a city coming down from heaven, and called it the New Jerusalem, because that city was dearer to him than any other place he knew, and he said:—

"AND I JOHN SAW THE HOLY CITY, NEW JERUSALEM, COMING DOWN FROM GOD OUT OF HEAVEN."

THE JORDAN

Up among the mountains in the North of the land of the Bible a little stream flows down from a rocky valley. After wandering through beautiful hills with many trees and vines, it comes into a wide valley and passes through a little lake. Then it goes tumbling and roaring down a narrow gorge with high rocks on each side.

After that it widens out into the beautiful lake of Gennesaret, or Sea of Galilee. In the time of Jesus there were many towns about this lake and many boats sailing over it.

After leaving this lake, the river flows through a valley, winding from one side of it to the other. The valley grows deeper and deeper, until at last to get into it one must go down, down long, steep hills by winding roads, down narrow valleys where the rocks are piled high above one. At last the river flows through a wide, sandy plain into the Dead Sea.

The Jordan is the largest river of the Bible

land. The Hebrews used to tell their little children that in the ancient time, when they first came into the land, the Jordan stopped flowing so that their fathers, with all their little children, and cattle and sheep, crossed it on dry ground. Later King David crossed it, once when he found that all his country had gone over to his enemies. A few weeks later he came back, and many people went down to the river to welcome him. The great general who had leprosy was sent to wash in the river, and he was healed.

Jesus was baptized in the river. He often crossed it, and he lived and taught on the banks of the Sea of Galilee, through which it flows.

THE DEAD SEA

The strangest lake in the world is the lake that is called the Dead Sea. It is east of Canaan. The Jordan runs into it, but no river runs out of it. It lies deep down between mountains. On one side the hills rise so steep that one cannot climb them. On the other, there is only here and there a place where a man on horseback can scramble down the rocks into the valley.

Why is it called the Dead Sea? Because the water is so salt that no fish live in it. It looks very clear and beautiful as it lies in the sunshine, but no one can drink it, it is so salt. Sometimes people bathe in it. It is so heavy that no one can sink. No towns were ever on its shore. Not a single person lives near it. Few people have ever sailed on its waters. The valley in which it lies is so deep that it is much lower than the ocean. All these things make it the strangest lake in the world.

ON THE SHORES OF THE DEAD SEA

From a photograph in the possession of Rev. Louis F. Giroux
of the American International College, Springfield, Mass.,
and used by his kind permission

"The water is very nauseous to the taste and oily to the touch, leaving on the skin when it dries a thick crust of salt. But it is very brilliant. Seen from far away no lake on earth looks more blue and beautiful. Swim out upon it, and at a depth of twenty feet you can count the pebbles through the transparent water. It is difficult to sink the limbs deep enough to swim; if you throw a stick on the surface it seems to rest as on a mirror, so little of it actually penetrates the water. No fish or any living thing can exist in its waters."—*Smith*

BETH-LEHEM

Moab . . . A country east of Palestine.
Glean . . . To follow after the reapers and pick up what they have left behind.

The "little town of Beth-lehem," as it lies among the hills of Judæa, is one of the most famous places in all the world. But it is not famous because of its wealth or its size, it is famous because of the people who lived there. Beth-lehem means in the Hebrew language, "House of Bread," and it was in the fields of Boaz about Beth-lehem that the beautiful Ruth of Moab gleaned.

Then it was David's home. In the pastures beyond the town he used to feed his father's flocks. Sometimes it has been called "the city of David."

But what makes it more famous than all else is the fact that in "Beth-lehem's manger" the little child Jesus was born, and over the old town hung in the night the star of Beth-lehem. It was here that the shepherds

who were keeping their flocks outside the town came to see the newborn child, and it was here that the Wise Men came to worship him and bring him gifts. It is true that Jesus did not stay here long. The wicked King Herod wished to kill him, and Mary and Joseph took him to Egypt. When they came back they lived in the town of Nazareth. But all the world loves the little town of Beth-lehem because it was Jesus' birthplace.

HYMNS FOR THE DAY

LORD OF ALL BEING

Lord of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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ON OUR WAY REJOICING

On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love.
Is there grief or sadness?
Thine it cannot be.
Is our sky beclouded?
Clouds are not from Thee.

If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou who giv'st the seedtime
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.

On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader;
Vanquished is our foe.
Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

—*John Samuel Bewley Monsell.*

JESUS BLESSING THE LITTLE CHILDREN

By Bernard Plockhorst (1825-)

GOING TO JESUS

THE Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah the mother one day;
He is healing the people who throng Him
With a touch of His finger, they say.

"And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel and Samuel and John;
I shall carry the baby Esther
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled.
"Now who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?

"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 't were well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

"If He lay His hands on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between,

'Mong the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited His touch or His word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening
She passed to the feet of her Lord.

"Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master,'
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how from morning to evening
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto Me;"
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He set on His knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As He laid His hands on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love;

As He said of the babes in His bosom,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven:"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

— *Julia Gill*

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, the brightest, the best,
When the dear children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

—*Jemima Thompson Luke.*

SUN OF MY SOUL

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

—*John Keble.*

DAY BY DAY

Every day has its dawn,
  Its soft and silent eve,
Its noontide hours of bliss or bale,—
  Why should we grieve?

Why do we heap huge mounds of years
  Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
  Like angels on the wind?

Each turning round a small, sweet face,
  As beautiful as near;
Because it has so small a face
  We will not see it clear:

We will not clasp it as it flies,
  And kiss its lips and brow:
We will not bathe our wearied souls
  In its delicious Now.

And so it turns from us, and goes
  Away in sad disdain:
Though we would give our lives for it,
  It never comes again.

WHAT CAN LITTLE HANDS DO?

Oh, what can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery:
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little lips do,
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little eyes do,
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
And learn to read God's holy Book:
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little hearts do,
To please the King of heaven?
Our hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour-Friend:
Such grace to mine be given.

When hearts, and hands, and lips unite
To please the King of heaven,
And serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most precious in His sight:
Such grace to mine be given.

—*Fabin.*

HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS

How gentle God's commands,
How kind His precepts are!
Come cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guide His children well.

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I 'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

—*Philip Doddridge.*

ABOVE THE CLEAR BLUE SKY

Above the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God:
Alleluia!
They love to sing
To God their King
Alleluia!

But God from children's tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
Alleluia!
We, too, will sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

O blessed Lord, Thy truth
To all Thy flock impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Alleluia!
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

—*John Chandler.*

BEDTIME STORIES

THE STORY OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

Once there were two little children who lived in a large, red brick house, on a quiet street in the city. The names of these little children were Margaret and Harold. Margaret was five years old, and Harold was eight. Margaret and Harold used to have the best of times together. They played with their dog Sport and their cat Spot. They built houses of blocks. They colored pictures with their crayons. In winter, Harold drew Margaret on his sled, and in summer they played in the garden. But, better than all else, they loved to hear their mamma tell stories. Every night, before they went to bed, she told them a story.

"What shall it be to-night?" said mamma, as they sat before the fire after a cold winter's day.

"A Bible story," said Margaret.

"Very well," replied mamma. "It shall be a Bible story to-night, and since it is almost Christmas-time, I will tell you about the dear little Christ-child who was born in Bethlehem, and the first Christmas."

So Margaret cuddled up in her mamma's lap, and Harold sat at her feet, and she began

THE STORY OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

"Once upon a time, there was a little town called Bethlehem of Judea, and late one afternoon in winter, a man named Joseph, and his wife named Mary, came to this

town. They were very glad to reach the village, for they were cold and hungry. But they were disappointed. No one would take them in. There is an old song which tells about it:—

" 'O, dark was the night,
And cold blew the wind,
But Joseph and Mary
No shelter could find.

" 'In all the fair city
Of Bethlehem,
In cottage or inn,
Was no room for them.' "

"Would n't anyone let them in?" said Margaret.

"No," said mamma. "They went to the inn, or hotel, of Bethlehem, and the keeper of the inn said, 'No room for you here, go away.' They went to each one of the houses, and the people who lived in them said crossly, 'No room for you here, go away.' "

"I would have let them in if I had been there," said Harold, earnestly.

"I would, too," said Margaret. "Were they very cold, dear mamma?"

"Yes, my dears," said mamma, smiling, "I know that you would have been kind to them. But you see this was before Jesus had taught people to be good and kind to others. Well, they were very cold and very sad, but at last the keeper of the inn let them go into his stable, and there were oxen there, and hay, and stalls for the cattle, and mangers."

BETHLEHEM AT SUNSET

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Frank L. Goodspeed,
and used by her kind permission

This beautiful picture of Bethlehem was taken just at sunset, with a cloud effect unusual in Eastern skies. "So must the little town have looked when Joseph and Mary, weary from their long journey, approached it. The short winter's day was probably closing in as the two travelers from Nazareth neared their journey's end. The way had been long and weary. A sense of rest and peace must almost unconsciously have crept over the travelers when at last they reached the rich fields that surrounded the ancient 'House of Bread,' and, passing through the valley, which, like an amphitheater, sweeps up to the twain heights along which Bethlehem stretches, ascended through the terraced vineyards and gardens."—*Edersheim*

"Like grandpapa's barn?" asked Harold.

"Yes," answered mamma, "only not so nice and comfortable, for this stable was a cave, cut out of the rock. That night, in the stable, the little baby Jesus was born, and his dear mother Mary wrapped him all warmly up, and laid him in one of the cattle mangers for a cradle."

"Was he a little tiny, tiny baby, like Grace's little brother?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, my dear," said mamma, "and the sweetest little tiny baby you ever saw.

"And in the fields near by there were shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, and while they watched they saw suddenly a great light, and an angel stood before them and said, 'Be not afraid, for I bring you good tidings of great joy for all the people. For there is born in Bethlehem a little child Jesus, who is to be the Saviour of the world.' And when the angel had finished speaking, they heard voices, singing like a great chorus in the sky, and this was the song they sang,—

" 'Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.'

"Then the shepherds went to Bethlehem, and found the little child Jesus lying in the manger, and loved him, and told every one what they had seen and heard.

"And later, wise men from the East came on their three white camels, guided by the star of Bethlehem, which shone in the sky. And as they came near to Bethlehem, they

said to every one, 'Where is he which is born king of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and have come to worship him.'

"And the star led them at last to the stable where Jesus was, and they brought beautiful gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh, and they worshiped him."

"And that is how Christmas came!" said Margaret. "I am very glad that the little child Jesus was born."

"You must love him very much," said mamma, "for he was born, and grew up, and died at last, for our sakes. And now I want to read you a sweet little poem, which a very good man, named Phillips Brooks, once wrote about Bethlehem. I want you both to learn it to say to papa. Now listen while I read."

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

"O holy child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us we pray,
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel."*

* By courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE STORY OF PALM SUNDAY

One Sunday Harold noticed that all the people who came from one of the churches wore a little piece of palm, or evergreen.

"What does that mean?" said Harold.

"Oh, this is Palm Sunday," said mamma. "This was one of the glad days in Jesus' life. To-night I will tell you all about it."

When it grew dark mamma called Margaret and Harold, and began

THE STORY OF PALM SUNDAY.

"You know that Jesus was poor and homeless, yet he was very rich in the love of his friends. He was never honored but once as his friends liked. That was on Palm Sunday, and the children helped to do it.

"It happened at the great city of Jerusalem. Jesus did not go to the city very often. He liked to live in the villages and in the country better. At this time there was a great feast in the city, and Jesus was going to the feast with his friends."

"What sort of a feast was it, mamma?" asked Harold.

"It was not exactly what we call a feast," mamma replied. "It was more like a great celebration. It recalled a great event in the nation's history, the escape of the Jews from captivity. It was called the 'Feast of the Passover.'

The Jewish people from all over the world came to Jerusalem to celebrate it."

"Why, it must have been the Fourth of July of the Jews," said Harold.

"Something like that," replied mamma, smiling. "Only the little Jewish boys did not make as much noise as my small son makes on his country's birthday.

"Well, the friends of Jesus who came with him to this feast wanted to show how much they loved him. They often wanted to treat him as though he were a king. Once they did treat him in this way, and Jesus did not forbid it. It does people good to show their friends how much they love them.

"Jesus stayed at night with his friends, in a village not far from the city, and every morning he came into the city. One morning he came over the hill, on the road which leads into the city, riding on an ass. It was a beautiful morning, and all his friends who were with him were filled with gladness. They shouted and sang as they marched along. They shouted 'Hosanna!' just as you shout 'Hurrah!' when you are marching in your processions. 'This man is going to be our king!' they called. 'Praise God for our king!' People from the city saw them coming and went out to meet them, so that there was a great multitude. They broke off branches of the palm trees along the way, and waved them in the air, just as the soldiers wave the royal banners of the king. Some of the people took off their cloaks and laid them on the ground for him to ride over, just as if he were a great king. They placed their palm branches on the

JESUS ENTERING JERUSALEM IN TRIUMPH

By Bernard Plockhorst (1825-)

"And as he went, they spread their garments in the way. And as he was now drawing nigh, even at the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works which they had seen; saying, Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord: peace in heaven, and glory in the highest."—*Luke 19:36-38*

ground, too, so that they seemed like a beautiful green carpet."

"Oh," said Margaret, "how pleased Jesus must have been!"

"Yes," said mamma, "Jesus was pleased to know that the people loved him. And he was a king, you know, though he never sat upon a throne. The Bible sometimes calls him, 'King of kings, and Lord of lords.'

"When they reached the city, there were many little children in the streets and about the temple. Now the children always loved Jesus, and when they saw him coming in this procession they all ran to meet him. They all joined in the procession, and sang songs, and shouted 'Hosanna!' and waved their hands for the children's king. Some of those people who did not like Jesus tried to stop the children. But Jesus would not tell them to stop."

"If I had been there, I would have shouted for Jesus," said Harold.

"That is my brave boy," said mamma. "But you must remember that there is just as much chance to let people know that you stand up for Jesus now, as then. You must never be afraid to let it be known that you are Jesus' friend.

"Now we will sing that hymn that you like so much. It is a good hymn for Palm Sunday."

So they sang,—

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.

"Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

"Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

"Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing."

HOW JESUS GAVE HIS LIFE FOR THE WORLD

One afternoon in the springtime, just before Easter, Margaret was playing with her dolls. Her mamma came into the room and said:—

"I want my little girl to be good while I am gone; I am going to church."

"Why, mamma," said Margaret, "this is not Sunday, this is Friday."

"Yes," said mamma, "and this evening I will tell you and Harold why I am going to church on Friday."

At bedtime, mamma said, "Now I will tell you

HOW JESUS GAVE HIS LIFE FOR THE WORLD.

"It is a very sad and yet a very sweet story. It is very sad to think that Jesus had enemies who hated him so much that they could kill him, and yet we love the story because it tells us how much Jesus loved us.

"If we love anyone very much, we are willing to give up things for him."

"Yes," said Margaret, "Harold loves me, and he gave up his party when I was sick, and noise troubled me."

"That was a very kind and unselfish thing for Harold to do," said mamma, "but Jesus gave up very much more than that for our sakes.

"You would have to love anyone very much indeed to give up your home for him. You would have to love

anyone better than you love yourself to give up your life for him."

"Do you mean like Frank's papa," said Harold, "when he ran into the fire when his house burned, to get Frank, and almost died?"

"Yes," said mamma, "Frank's papa loved his little boy better than he loved his own life, and he was ready to give his own life that his little boy might be saved."

"But why is the story sad, then?" said Margaret.

"It is sad," replied mamma, "because his death was such a cruel one, and because he suffered so much.

"One night Jesus gathered his dearest friends about him, and they had supper together, and he told them how much he loved them, and that they must never forget him.

"After the supper was over he went out into the night, to a place called the Garden of Gethsemane. Then his enemies came with torches, and found him there, and seized hold upon him, and bound him with ropes, and led him away.

"After they had treated him with great cruelty, they took him to a hill called Calvary outside the city, and there, before a great multitude of people, they nailed his hands and his feet to a cross of wood, and after he had suffered very much, he died there upon the cross. Then it grew dark upon the hill, and an earthquake shook the ground, and the people ran away in terror, because they began to see what a wicked thing they had done."

"Oh, what wicked people," said Margaret, "to kill dear Jesus!"

"Jesus loved even them," said mamma, softly. "He

JESUS IN THE HOME OF MARY AND MARTHA

By Siemiradski (1843-)

"And fast beside the olive-bordered way
Stands the blessed home where Jesus deigned to stay;
The peaceful home, to zeal sincere
And heavenly contemplation dear,
Where Martha loved to wait with reverence meet,
And wiser Mary lingered at Thy sacred feet."

—*John Keble*

was so good that he loved them, even while they were killing him, and asked his Father in heaven to forgive them, too.

"You must remember that when we do what is wrong, we hurt our Father in heaven very much, but Jesus has taught us that he loves us still, and is ready to forgive us when we ask him.

"So this is the reason why we love Jesus so much. 'We love him because he first loved us.' This is the reason why mamma went to church to-day, to thank God for sending to the world such a loving Jesus, and to remember the day on which he died for us, and for all the world.

"Now mamma will sing you a beautiful hymn about the cross. The cross was dreadful then, but we love it now because it makes us remember the love of Jesus."

"In the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

"When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

"When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new luster to the day.

"Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

"In the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

THE FIRST EASTER DAWN

By J. K. Thompson

"The day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad:
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory."

—*John of Damascus*

THE STORY OF THE FIRST EASTER DAY

It was Easter Day. Both Margaret and Harold went to church. It was a beautiful day, warm and pleasant. The grass was green, and the tulips and the crocuses were blossoming in the gardens. Everybody was glad that the snow and the cold of winter had gone. When they were on their way to church, they saw a robin on a branch of a tree. The children laughed with pleasure to see Mr. Robin Redbreast back again. At church there were beautiful flowers, and the choir sang Easter songs and hymns. One of the hymns Harold liked very much indeed. He said it made him feel that the world was so glad that it could n't help singing its gladness right out. This hymn began—

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply."

In the evening they sat with their mamma, watching the beautiful sunset.

"Mamma," said Harold, "I don't think that I just understand about that long word the minister used so much this morning—resurrection; won't you explain it, please?"

"Well," said mamma, "it is not very easy for little folks to understand, but I will try. I will tell you the

STORY OF THE FIRST EASTER DAY.

"You know that the enemies of Jesus crucified him as I told you, and he died upon the cross."

"Yes," said Margaret, soberly, "I know about that. My little kittie died. She went to sleep, and could n't wake up any more. Poor little kittie!"

"Yes," said mamma, "and you know that dear Grandmamma White went to sleep and did n't wake up, and God took her dear, beautiful soul to be with him.

"After Jesus had suffered on the cross, he went to sleep, that sound, sound sleep that we call death. Then they took him from the cross, and placed his body in a tomb dug out of the rock, and rolled a great stone before the door. His disciples and all his friends were very, very sad, because they thought they would never see him again."

"But they did, mamma," said Harold.

"Oh, yes," said Margaret, "he was n't truly dead."

"Ah, yes, my dears," said mamma, "he was truly dead, but after he had lain there quietly for three days, a wonderful thing happened. He came to life again. He came out from the tomb. He went to see his friends and his disciples. He made them very happy. He told them that soon he must go back to his Father in heaven, and that they must go everywhere in all the world, telling people about him.

"Now I will read you the beautiful story of the first **Easter** Day, as it is told in the Bible:—

" 'Now on the first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, while it was yet dark, unto the tomb, and seeth the stone taken away from the tomb. She runneth, therefore, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, "They have taken away the Lord out of the tomb, and we know not where they have laid him."

" 'Peter therefore went forth, and the other disciple, and they went toward the tomb. And they both ran together: and the other disciple outran Peter, and came first to the tomb; and stooping and looking in he seeth the linen cloths lying, yet entered he not in. Simon Peter therefore cometh, following him, and entered into the tomb; and he beholdeth the linen cloths lying, and the napkin, that was upon his head, not lying with the linen cloths, but rolled up in a place by itself. Then entered in therefore the other disciple also, which came first to the tomb, and he saw, and believed. For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead. So the disciples went away again unto their own home.

" 'But Mary was standing without at the tomb weeping. So, as she wept, she stooped and looked into the tomb; and she beholdeth two angels in white sitting, one at the head, and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, "Woman, why weepest thou?"

" 'She said unto them, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

" 'When she had thus said, she turned herself back, and beholdeth Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

" 'Jesus saith unto her, "Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?"

" 'She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, "Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away."

" 'Jesus saith unto her, "Mary!"

" 'She turneth herself, and saith unto him in Hebrew, "Rabboni!" which is to say, "Master."

" 'Jesus saith to her, "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God."

" 'Mary Magdalene cometh and telleth the disciples, "I have seen the Lord"; and how that he had said these things unto her.' "

"That is a very beautiful story, is it not?" said mamma, when she had finished reading. "And how glad Mary and all the friends of Jesus must have been to see him again! Now the sunset has faded, and I will sing you an Easter hymn."*

"The terror of the night has fled,
Its shadows fade away;
The tomb wherein our Lord lay dead
Is open to the day.

"That Easter morn when He came forth,
Who gave Him greeting there?
The flowers, the birds, the radiant earth,
And all the garden fair.

*Tune, "The Son of God goes forth to war."

"Once more the glorious day is here,
The day that saw Him rise,
When Love was victor over fear,
And glory filled the skies.

"Who comes to greet our risen King?
Not birds and flowers alone,
Our loyal hearts to Him we bring,
And worship at His throne."

THE STORY OF THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

Harold and Margaret had been hoping for a snowy Thanksgiving, and they were very happy when, two days before Thanksgiving, the snow began to fall in great flakes. The sun shone again on Thanksgiving morning, and at nine o'clock the sleigh with the two dapple gray horses was ready to take all the family to Grandpa Emerson's over the river and away four miles across the snowy fields in the country. How they enjoyed the ride in the fresh cold air! What a merry tune was sung by the jingling of the sleighbells! And how happy they were after they reached the big old farmhouse! First, of course, they were kissed and hugged by Grandpa Emerson and Grandma Emerson. Then they went out to the barn to see the horses and cows. Then they went sliding down the hill behind the barn. Then they made a beautiful snow man, and by that time they were ready for Grandma Emerson's Thanksgiving dinner. They were to stay at the farm for a few days, and toward evening as they sat before the roaring fire in the big fireplace they asked mamma for a story. "I will tell you," she said,

THE STORY OF THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

"The first settlers of New England were the Pilgrims who came across the sea from England in the ship Mayflower."

"Oh, yes," said Harold, "I remember when we went to Plymouth and saw the Plymouth Rock and the old houses and the monument on the hill."

"Yes," said mamma, "that is where they landed and built their log houses. I will recite a poem which I learned when I was a girl and went to school like Margaret."

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

"And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

"Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

"Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

"Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthem of the free!

"The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

"There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band—
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land?

"There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

"What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

"Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!"

"Did they have a very hard time at Plymouth?" said Margaret.

"Yes, my dear," replied mamma, "a very hard time. There were little children, and they often had to go cold and hungry. After the Mayflower brought them to Plymouth, it had to sail away again to England and leave them in the wilderness alone."

"There were Indians, too," said Harold.

THRESHING

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, and used by her kind permission

In the East the grain is threshed by the trampling of beasts, or sometimes, as in this picture, by a rude kind of threshing wheel. The wheels are carried in the framework on which the man is sitting. Sometimes a sledge with iron or stone teeth driven into the bottom is used

"Yes," said mamma, "but they had the brave Miles Standish to protect them. At one time, so the story goes, they were almost starving. The winter was coming on, and they did not know what to do. So they set apart a certain day to fast and ask God's help in their distress. I am not sure that it is true, but we will suppose that a little girl and boy like you had climbed the hill to gather a few sticks of wood for the fire. We will suppose that the little girl was looking out to sea, and suddenly she cried, 'Oh, John, what can that be, is it a sail?'

"And we will suppose that John said, 'Oh, no, Priscilla, that is nothing but a seagull; there is no ship coming.'

"But Priscilla insisted.

" 'It is, John, it is a sail.' And John looked again and cried, 'Yes! yes! it is, it is a sail!'

"Then how they ran to the village shouting, 'A sail! a sail!' and how the people came crowding out of the little church where they had gathered to pray, and how happy they all were!

"I do not know whether the children caught sight of the sail first, but it is true that on the day appointed for fast and prayer, a ship came from England, and the fast day was turned into a day of feasting and thanksgiving to God for his mercies. And ever after in New England, and now all over this country, the people keep this day; a day for feasting and joy, but a day also of humble thankfulness to God for all his goodness to his children.

"Now, we will draw the curtains and sing a Thanksgiving hymn."

"O God, beneath Thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the wintry strand
With prayer and psalm they worshiped Thee.

"Thou heard'st well pleased the song, the prayer:
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

"Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God,
Came with those exiles o'er the waves.
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

"And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more."

SHEEP

By Jacque

"Little lambs, so white and fair,
Are the shepherd's constant care;
Now he leads their tender feet
Into pastures green and sweet.

"Now they listen and obey,
Following where he leads the way;
Heavenly Father, may we be
Thus obedient unto Thee."

—*Selected*

WHO WAS THE NEIGHBOR?

"What is that long word?" asked Harold.

"That is 'neighbor,' " said mamma. "Can you tell me what it means?"

"Oh, yes," said Harold. "It means the people who live close by. Ralph and Elizabeth are our neighbors, because they live in the house next door."

"Yes," said mamma, "and in the old times when people did not travel as much as they do now, they did not know much about any except their neighbors. The Old Testament says that you should love your neighbor. That meant the people you meet day by day. The people of Jesus' time said that you should love your neighbor, but you might hate your enemy. Jesus said that was not right. Do you remember what he said about that, Harold?"

"I know," said Margaret, "we had it in our Sunday School class last Sunday. 'Love your enemies.' "

"Yes," said mamma, "and he once told a story about neighbors. It is called the story of

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

" 'And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

" 'He said unto him, What is written in the law? How readest thou?

" 'And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.

" 'And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

" 'But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?

" 'And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

" 'And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

" 'And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

" 'But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him.

" 'And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

' 'And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.

" 'Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?'

" 'And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.'

"What do you think that story means?" asked mamma.

"I think," said Harold, "that it means that to be neighbor to anybody is to help him."

Margaret thought a minute. "It seems to me," she said, "that neighbors can live a long way off, then. Our teacher said she would tell us next Sunday how we could help poor little children in a big city five hundred miles away. That will make us neighbors to them, won't it, mamma?"

"Why, yes," said mamma. "So it will." Then she smiled a little and said, "I think we have some neighbors living in China and some others living in India."

What do you suppose mamma meant?

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Harold and Margaret were looking at a picture of an Eastern shepherd with his flocks.

"Mamma," said Harold, "is this our country? This man is not dressed as men are here."

"No," said mamma, "it is a picture of a shepherd and his sheep in the country of the Bible."

"What makes the shepherd go before the sheep, mamma?" asked Harold.

"In that country," said mamma, "the sheep are not driven, but led."

"Were sheep more plenty in the Bible land than in ours? I have never seen many sheep," said Harold.

"Yes," answered mamma, "most of the children in the Bible land knew all about sheep. Many of the hillsides had little white flocks of sheep on them. They were not kept in fields with fences. They wandered about over the open pasture lands; and so a man or a boy must be with them to watch over them. He was called the shepherd. He took them to the best pastures. At some seasons of the year he had to lead them a long way to find water. He kept the bears and the wolves and the lions away. He kept away the thieves who might come to steal the sheep. At night he drove the sheep to a fold, or shed, or sometimes he slept with them all night in the open air, beneath the stars. The shepherd named the

AN EASTERN SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP

From a photograph taken by W. J. Aitchison, Esq., of Hamilton, Canada, and used by his kind permission

These sheep are feeding just outside Jerusalem. "All the plateaus east of the Jordan, and the mountains of Palestine and Syria, are pasture grounds for innumerable flocks and herds. In the spring there is plenty of grass. Later, when the rain has ceased, the sheep still nibble the dry herbage and stubble and flourish where, to a western eye, all is barren desert. They require water but once a day. The descendants of the same shepherds who tended the flocks in Bible days still occupy the great sheep walks of Palestine"

sheep, and the sheep all knew him and loved him. They would follow him, but they would not follow a stranger. Because the people of the Bible land knew so much about the sheep and the shepherds, the writers of the Bible said a good deal about them. Now get the Bible and I will read you some of the things which it says about sheep."

Margaret brought the Bible, and mamma read first what Jesus said about himself as the good shepherd:—

" 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the fold of the sheep, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. When he hath put forth all his own, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.'

" 'Jesus said unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep. All that came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them. I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall go in and out, and shall find pasture. The thief cometh not, but that he may steal, and kill, and destroy: I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly. I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep. He that is a hireling, and not a shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, beholdeth the wolf coming,

and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth, and the wolf snatcheth them, and scattereth them: he fleeth because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep. I am the good shepherd; and I know mine own, and mine own know me, even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep.' "

"This means, my dears," said mamma, "that Jesus cares for you and for all his children, just as a good and faithful shepherd cares for his sheep. The good shepherd brings his sheep safely home at night, and the porter, or keeper of the fold, opens the door and lets them in. The sheep hear his voice, and he calls each one by name and they follow him, but they will not follow a stranger."

"What does 'hireling' mean?" said Margaret.

"It means, dear," replied mamma, "one who is hired to care for the sheep, but who does not know them or love them as the good shepherd does."

"I know," said Harold; "it means that Jesus can take care of us better than anyone else."

"Yes," said mamma, "that is just what it means. And here is another story from the Bible, which Jesus told to show how very tenderly he loves and cares for his little ones":—

" 'Jesus said, See that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven. How think ye? If any man have a hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and go unto the mountains and seek that which

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

By W. C. T. Dobson

"I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep. He that is a hireling, and not a shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, beholdeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth, and the wolf snatcheth them, and scattereth them: he fleeth because he is a hireling, and careth not for his sheep. I am the good shepherd; and I know mine own, and mine own know me, even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep. And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one shepherd."—*The Words of Jesus*

goeth astray? And if so be that he find it, verily, I say unto you, he rejoiceth over it more than over the ninety and nine which have not gone astray. Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones shall perish.' "

"In the book of the Bible called the Psalms," continued mamma, "the twenty-third is often called the Shepherd Psalm."

"Oh, we know that psalm," said Margaret.

"Suppose," said mamma, "that one of the sheep in our picture could talk and think like you. Would he not wish to say something about his shepherd, very much like this psalm? The sheep would tell you how the shepherd led him to the green pastures, and let him rest by the brooks that flow gently through the meadows, and kept him safe in the valleys where no wild beasts were hiding to kill him, and put out his long staff to guide him and to help him up the steep paths of the hills. Now let us say the psalm together."

" 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me:
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of
my life:
And I will dwell in the House of the Lord for ever.' "

"Mamma," said Harold, "sheep don't eat at tables, or have cups."

"No," said mamma, smiling, "that shows us that, after all, this psalm is about a man, and not about a sheep. It means that when troubles and dangers are all about us God still gives all that we need. Sometime that will mean a great deal more to you than it does now."

"I don't understand," said Margaret, "about anointing the head with oil, and dwelling in the house of the Lord."

"In the Bible land," said mamma, "when a man wished to honor a guest whom he had invited to a feast, he poured out a little sweet-smelling oil upon his head. The psalm means that God makes his people, even when they are in the midst of danger, feel as happy as though they were honored guests at a feast. To dwell in the house of the Lord forever means that we are to feel always perfectly secure, as though we were living in God's own house, where nothing could ever harm us."

Harold thought a moment, and then he said, "I think that I know what all the stories about sheep in the Bible mean. They mean that people are like sheep, and they can't take care of themselves, but that God loves them very much, and that he will always take care of them."

"Yes, that is just it," said mamma, "and now, as it is

growing dark, let us sing that song which is the twenty-third psalm put into different words."

"The Lord is my shepherd; no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

"Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

"In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

"Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love."

LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE AIR AND FIELDS

Margaret and Harold had learned to be kind to animals. They belonged to a "Band of Mercy," a company of boys and girls who were pledged never to be unkind to any dumb creature, and to rescue any poor beast who might be in distress or suffering cruel treatment. They had many chances to help poor dogs and cats which were being persecuted by cruel boys. One day they came home from school and told about a poor little kitten which they had protected when it was almost dead from fright. "That was very kind," said mamma, "and to-night I will read you some stories and poems about kindness to animals which I have been saving. Margaret and Harold played with their dog Sport and their big cat Spot until supper time. After supper they were ready for the stories and poems.

"Once upon a time," said mamma, "there lived a very good man who came to be known as St. Francis of Assisi. He was very kind to all birds and animals. He called the birds 'little brothers of the air' and the animals 'little brothers of the field and woods.' These stories are told about him:—

" 'Once, full of joy, he was going on his way when, perceiving some flocks of birds, he turned aside a little from the road to go to them. Far from taking flight, they flocked

HEAD OF DOG

around him as if to bid him welcome. "Brother birds," he said to them, "you ought to praise and love your Creator very much. He has given you feathers for clothing, wings for flying, and all that is needful for you. He has made you the noblest of his creatures; he permits you to live in the pure air; you have neither to sow nor to reap, and yet he takes care of you, watches over you and guides you." Then the birds began to arch their necks, to spread out their wings, to open their beaks, to look at him, as if to thank him, while he went up and down in their midst stroking them with the border of his tunic, sending them away at last with his blessing.'

" 'In this same tour, passing through Alviano, he began to preach to the people, but the swallows so filled the air with their chirping that he could not make himself heard. "It is my turn to speak," he said to them; "little swallow sisters, hearken to the word of God; keep silent and be very quiet until I have finished." '

" 'At Rieti a family of redbreasts were the guests of the monastery, and the young birds made marauding expeditions on the very table where the Brothers were eating. Not far from there, at Greccio, at another time, they brought to Francis a little rabbit that had been taken alive in a trap. "Come to me, Brother Rabbit," he said to it. And as the poor creature, being set free, ran to him for refuge, he took it up, caressed it, and finally put it on the ground that it might run away; but it returned to him again and again, so that he was obliged to send it to the neighboring forest before it would consent to return to freedom.'

" 'One day he was crossing the Lake of Rieti. The boatman in whose bark he was making the passage offered him a fish of uncommon size. Francis accepted it with joy, but, to the great amazement of the fisherman, put it back into the water, bidding it bless God.'

"Here is a story which I once read about a very good and distinguished man who tells how he learned when he was a boy not to kill even the smallest animal needlessly.

" 'I saw one day a little spotted turtle sunning itself in the shallow water, and I lifted the stick in my hand to kill it, for, though I had never killed any creature, I had seen other boys kill birds, squirrels, and the like, and I had a disposition to follow their wicked example; but all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, "It is wrong," and so I held my uplifted stick until the turtle vanished from my sight. Then I went home and told my mother, and asked her what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye, and took me in her arms, and said: "Some call it conscience, but I call it the voice of God in the human soul. If you listen to it and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right. But if you do not listen to it, or disobey it, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark without a guide. Your life, my child, depends on heeding that little voice." '

"And here are some poems which teach us to be gentle and kind to the dumb animals who depend upon us for life and look to us for mercy. The poet Cowper says:—

BOY AND DOG

By Blume

" 'I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.'

"Coleridge in a great poem, 'The Ancient Mariner,' which I will read to you when you are a little older, says:—

" 'He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

" 'He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

"And here are two verses whose author I do not know:—

" 'Maker of earth, and sea, and sky,
Creation's Sovereign Lord and King;
Who hung the starry worlds on high
And formed alike the sparrow's wing:
Bless the dumb creatures of Thy care,
And listen to their voiceless prayer.

" 'All-Father! who on Mercy's throne
Hear'st Thy dumb creatures' faintest moan,—
Thy love be ours, and ours shall be
Returned in deeds to these and Thee.'

"There is a poem by John Ruskin which speaks of that good time coming when cruelty shall cease and terrible wars shall be no more."

A SONG OF PEACE.

" 'Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands
to dust;
A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better
trust.
Nay, bend aback the lance's point, and break the helmet
bar,
A noise is in the morning winds, but not the note of war!

" 'Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering troops
increase;
They come! they come! how fair their feet—they come that
publish peace.
Yea, Victory, fair Victory, our enemies are ours,
And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the earth
with flowers.

" 'Ah! still depressed and dim with dew, but wait a little
while,
And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness shall
smile,
And every tender, living thing shall feed by streams of
rest,
Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor nursling from
the nest.' "

"That reminds us of what the prophet said about the time when all the beasts even shall lose their cruel traits and live at peace with each other, and even play with little children."

"Could that ever be true, mamma?" interrupted Harold.

"Well, even now, my dear," replied mamma, "wild and fierce animals have been wholly tamed by kindness. We

ON GUARD

cannot tell what beautiful things might happen if all evil and unkindness should be driven from the world and men should live as Christ taught us to live.

"Here are the prophet's words: 'And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the adder's den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.'

"These verses are from the Psalms and the Proverbs:—

" 'For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.

" 'I know all the fowls of the mountains: and the wild beasts of the field are mine.'

" 'The merciful man doeth good to his own soul; but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh.'

" 'A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.'

"And here are some of the words of Jesus about animals and birds and about kindness:—

" 'Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful.'

" 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'

" 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.'

" 'Therefore I say unto you, Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment? Behold the birds of the heavens, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not of much more value than they?'

" 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father; but the very hairs of your head are all numbered.' "

"And now it is late and my little lambs must go to their beds. I am sure that you both will be kind in every way to your little brothers of the air and the woods and fields, and your little dumb brothers in the streets of the city."

SHEPHERD HYMNS

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

By Bernard Plockhorst (1825-)

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the fold of the sheep, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. When he hath put forth all his own, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers."—*The Words of Jesus*

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tenderest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare;
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
Blessèd Jesus,
Hear the children when they pray.

Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy grace our bosoms fill;
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

—*Dorothy Ann Thrupp.*

WAS THERE EVER KINDEST SHEPHERD?

Was there ever kindest shepherd
  Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Saviour, who would have us
  Come and gather round His feet?
There 's a wideness in God's mercy,
  Like the wideness of the sea;
There 's a kindness in His justice,
  Which is more than liberty.

For the love of God is broader
  Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
  Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
  We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
  In the sweetness of our Lord.

—*Frederick William Faber.*

THE LOST LAMB FOUND

By P. Giradet

Sometimes in winter the sheep suffer greatly from the cold and heavy snowstorms. This is a description of sheep covered by the snow in winter:—

"The flock was buried beneath a great white billow as high as a barn and as broad as a house. This great drift was rolling and curling beneath the violent blast, tufting and combing with rustling swirls, and carved as if patterns of cornice where the grooving-chisel of the wind swept round. Ever and again the tempest snatched little whiffs from the channeled edges, twirled them round and made them dance over the chine of the monster pile, then let them lie like herringbones or the seams of the sand where the tide has been. And all the while, from the smothery sky, more and more fiercely at every blast, came the pelting pitiless arrows winged with murky white and pointed with the barbs of the frost."—*Blackmore*

GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, HOLY SHEPHERD

Gracious Saviour, holy Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may they be
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

Let Thy holy words instruct them;
Fill their minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain them
To approve whate'er is right;
Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,
Let them prove Thy burden light.

Taught to lisp Thy holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
With both lips and hearts, unfeignèd,
Glad thank-offering may they bring;
Then with all Thy saints in glory
Join to praise their Lord and King.

—*Jane E. Leeson and J. Whittemore.*

IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

—*Anna L. Waring.*

THE KING OF LOVE

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

And so, through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

—*Sir H. W. Baker.*

PRAYERS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

PRAYERS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.
AMEN.

Jesus, take this heart of mine,
Make it pure, and only Thine.
I Thy little child would be,
Help me, Lord, to live for Thee. AMEN.

I thank Thee, Lord, for quiet rest,
And for Thy care of me;
Oh, let me through this day be blest,
And kept from harm by Thee.
Oh, let me thank Thee, kind Thou art
To children such as I,
Give me a gentle, loving heart;
Be Thou my friend on high. AMEN.

—*Beginner's Reading Book.*

Dear Lord, for these three things I pray:
To know Thee more clearly,
To love Thee more dearly,
To follow Thee more nearly.
Every day. AMEN.

Father in heaven, help Thy little children
To love and serve Thee throughout this day.
Help us to be truthful, help us to be kindly,
That we may please Thee in all we do or say.

Dear Lord, we pray Thee, keep Thy little children
From doing wrong throughout this happy day.
Hear our morning promises. Father, help us keep them,
That we may please Thee in all we do or say. AMEN.

For Jesus Christ, the children's friend,
We thank Thee, heavenly Father.
For Jesus Christ, who keeps us to the end,
We thank Thee, heavenly Father. AMEN.

Father, we thank Thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light;
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the day so fair.

Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do in work or play,
To grow more loving every day. AMEN.

Dear Lord, we thank Thee for Thy care,
And all Thy mercy sends;
For food we eat, the clothes we wear,
Our health and home and friends. AMEN.

THE SOUL'S AWAKENING

By James Sant (1820-)

"Can a little child like me,
Thank the Father fittingly?
Yes, oh, yes,—be good and true,
Patient, kind in all you do,
Love the Lord and do your part,
Learn to say with all your heart,—
Father, we thank Thee;
Father in heaven, we thank Thee."

—*Mary Mapes Dodge*

Loving Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child.
Make me gentle as Thou art,
Come and live within my heart.

Take my childish hand in Thine,
Guide these little feet of mine,
And the world shall ever see
Christ, the holy child, in me. AMEN.

Lord, though Thy home is in the sky,
Thou art not far away;
Thou lookest down with loving eye
When little children pray.

We thank Thee for Thy tender care,
And for Thy precious love,
For all the beauty Thou hast made
Of earth and heaven above. AMEN.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night.
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. AMEN.

My Father in heaven, I thank Thee for my many blessings. I love Thee very much. Help me to love Thee more and to obey Thee better. Forgive all my sins, I pray Thee. Give me good thoughts. Give me understanding. Bless all my friends and keep them and me, both now and forever. AMEN.

—*By courtesy of the Clarke School, Northampton, Mass.*

A CHILD'S GRACE

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit. AMEN.

—*Robert Burns.*

GRACE FOR A CHILD

Here, a little child, I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat and on us all. AMEN.

—*Robert Herrick.*

OLD TIME VERSES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF

How doth the little busy bee
  Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
  From every opening flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell!
  How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
  With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill
  I would be busy, too:
For Satan finds some mischief still
  For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
  Let my first years be pass'd;
That I may give for every day
  Some good account at last.

—*Isaac Watts.*

AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES

How proud we are! how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new,
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be dress'd fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.
Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace!
These are the robes of richest dress.
No more shall worms with me compare,
This is the raiment angels wear;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this best apparel, too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould;
It takes no spot, but still refines;
The more 't is worn the more it shines.
In this on earth would I appear,
Then go to heaven and wear it there;
God will approve it in His sight,
'Tis His own work and His delight.

—*Isaac Watts.*

THE ANT, OR EMMET

These emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
  Without our regard or concern;
Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There 's many a sluggard and many a fool
  Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They wear not their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,
  And for winter they lay up their stores;
They manage their work in such regular forms
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
  And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
  Nor provide against dangers in time;
When death or old age shall once stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days
  If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what shall serve me when sickness shall come,
  And pray that my sins be forgiven;
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That, when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
  I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

—*Isaac Watts.*

A MORNING SONG

My God, who makes the sun to know
  His proper hour to rise,
And, to give light to all below,
  Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east
  His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
  But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfill
  The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
  March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, Thine early grace,
  Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
  Has all been spent in vain.

—*Isaac Watts.*

MADONNA OF THE ANGELS

By Adolph Bouguereau (1825-1905)

"The mother with the Child,
Whose tender winning arts
Have to His little arms beguiled
So many wounded hearts."

—*Matthew Arnold*

AN EVENING SONG

And now another day is gone,
I 'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head;
And, through the hours of darkness, keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since Thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in Thy love.

—*Isaac Watts.*

THE SLUGGARD

'T is the voice of the Sluggard: I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon! I must slumber again!"
As a door on its hinges, so he on his bed
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep and a little more slumber!"
Thus he wastes half his days and his hours without number;
And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags,
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind:
He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here 's a lesson for me!
That man 's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who have taught me betimes to love working and reading."

—*Isaac Watts.*

THE DIVINE SHEPHERD

By Murillo (1618-1682)

PRAISE FOR MERCIES, SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to the Lord
For all His gifts to me!

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold!
While I am clothed from head to feet
And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught Thy name to fear,
And do Thy holy will.

Are these Thy favors, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love Thee more than they,
And try to serve Thee best.

—*Isaac Watts.*

THE ROSE

How fair is the Rose! What a beautiful flower!
The glory of April and May;
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the Rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field!
When its leaves are all dead and fine colors are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of man,
Though they bloom and look gay like the Rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I 'll not be proud of my youth and my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty:
This will scent like a rose when I 'm dead.

—*Isaac Watts.*

MADONNA AND CHILD

By Carlo Dolci (1616-1686)

PRAISE FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE

I sing th' Almighty power of God,
  That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
  And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
  The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
  And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
  That fill'd the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
  And then pronounced them good.

Lord, how Thy wonders are display'd
  Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
  Or gaze upon the sky!

There 's not a plant or flower below
  But makes Thy glories known:
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
  By order from Thy throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)
  Are subject to Thy care:
There 's not a place where we can flee,
  But God is present there.

—*Isaac Watts.*

A GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD

How glorious is our heavenly King,
  Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
  His dreadful majesty?

How great His power is none can tell,
  Nor think how large His grace:
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
  On high before His face.

Not angels, that stand round the Lord,
  Can search His secret will;
But they perform His heavenly word,
  And sing His praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,
  And my first offerings bring;
The eternal God will not disdain
  To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
  And angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
  Sound from a feeble voice.

—*Isaac Watts.*

INNOCENT PLAY

Abroad in the meadows, to see the young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love, without anger or rage,
How much we may learn from the sight!

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud;
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood:
So foul and so fierce are their natures;
But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as lambs,
Those lovely, sweet innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should injure another in jesting or play,
For he 's still in earnest that 's hurt:
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire;
There 's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you, " 'T is all but in sport!"

—*Isaac Watts.*

AGAINST QUARRELING AND FIGHTING

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature, too:

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessèd Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely Child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And as His stature grew,
He grew in favor both with man
And God, His Father, too.

Now, Lord of all, He reigns above,
And from His heavenly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for His own.

—*Isaac Watts.*

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
  There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
  Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree,
  And 't is a shameful sight,
When children of one family
  Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threatening words
  That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
  To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
  To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurried on
  Till he had killed his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,
  At least before 't is night;
But in the bosom of a fool
  It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
  Our little brawls remove;
That, as we grow to riper age,
  Our hearts may all be love.

—*Isaac Watts.*

A SUMMER EVENING

How fine has the day been! How bright was the sun!
How lovely and joyful the course that he run;
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
  And there follow'd some droppings of rain:
But now the fair traveler 's come to the West,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the skies gay as he sinks to his rest,
  And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian. His course he begins,
Like the sun in the mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
  And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
  Of rising in brighter array.

—*Isaac Watts.*

THE PITTI MADONNA

By Murillo (1618-1682)

"The Pitti Madonna is one of this sweet company, and perhaps the loveliest of them all. Both she and her beautiful boy are full of gentle earnestness, and if they are too simple-minded to realize what is in store for them, they are none the less ready to do the Father's will."—*Hurll*

SUMMER

The heats of Summer come hastily on,
The fruits are transparent and clear;
The buds and the blossoms of April are gone,
And the deep colored cherries appear.

The blue sky above us is bright and serene,
No cloud on its bosom remains;
The woods and the fields and the hedges are green,
And the haycock smells sweet from the plains.

But, hark! from the woodlands what sound do I hear?
The voices of pleasure so gay;
The merry young haymakers cheerfully bear
The heat of the hot summer's day.

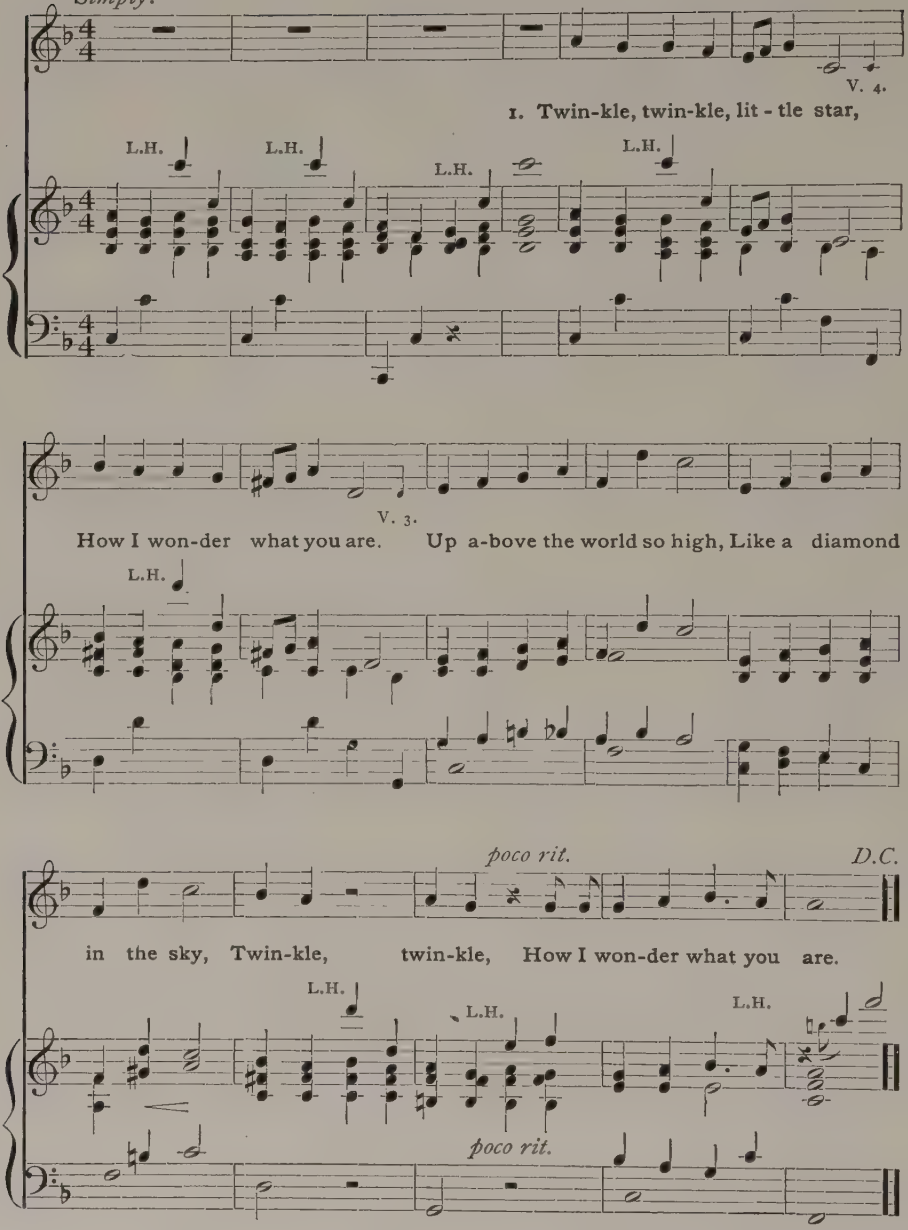
While some with bright scythe, singing shrill to the tone,
The tall grass and buttercups mow,
Some spread it with rakes, and by others 't is thrown
Into sweet smelling cocks in a row.

Then since joy and glee with activity join,
This moment to labor I 'll rise;
While the idle love best in the shade to recline,
And waste precious time as it flies.

—*Jane Taylor.*

THE STAR.

Jane Taylor. H. D. Sleeper.

Simply.

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THE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,—
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveler in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark.
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

—*Jane Taylor.*

THE FLOWER AND THE LADY, ABOUT GETTING UP

Pretty flower, tell me why
  All your leaves do open wide,
Every morning, when on high
  The noble sun begins to ride.

This is why, my lady fair,
  If you would the reason know,
For betimes the pleasant air
  Very cheerfully doth blow.

And the birds on every tree
  Sing a merry, merry tune,
And the busy honey bee
  Comes to suck my sugar soon.

This is, then, the reason why
  I my little leaves undo.
Little lady, wake and try
  If I have not told you true.

—*Jane Taylor.*

THE FIELD DAISY

I 'm a pretty little thing,
Always coming with the spring.
In the meadows green I 'm found,
Peeping just above the ground;
And my stalk is covered flat
With a white and yellow hat.

Little Mary, when you pass
Lightly o'er the tender grass,
Skip about, but do not tread
On my bright but lowly head;
For I always seem to say,
"Surely winter 's gone away."

—*Jane Taylor.*

THE LITTLE CHILD

I 'm a very little child,
  Only just have learned to speak;
So I should be very mild,
  Very tractable and meek.

If my dear mamma were gone,
  Oh, I think that I should die,
When she left me all alone,
  Such a little thing as I.

Now what service can I do,
  To repay her for her care?
For I cannot even sew,
  Nor make anything I wear.

Well, then, I will always try
  To be very good and mild;
Never now be cross or cry,
  Like a fretful little child.

How unkind it is to fret,
  And my dear mamma to tease,
When my lesson I should get,
  Sitting still upon her knees!

Oh, how can I serve her so,
  Such a good mamma as this?
Round her neck my arms I 'll throw,
  And her gentle cheek I 'll kiss.

Then I 'll tell her that I will
  Try not any more to fret her,
And as I grow older still,
  Try to show I love her better.

—*Jane Taylor.*

THE "GRANDUCA MADONNA"

By Raphael

"Around the mighty master came
The marvels which his pencil wrought,
Those miracles of power, whose fame
Is wide as human thought.

"There drooped thy more than mortal face,
O Mother, beautiful and mild!
Enfolding in one dear embrace
Thy Saviour and thy Child!"

—*John Greenleaf Whittier*

GOING TO BED

The moon is up, the sun is gone,
Now nothing here he shines upon;
The pretty birds are in their nest,
The cows are lying down to rest,
Or wait, beneath the farmer's shed,
To hear the merry milkmaid's tread.

The pleasant flowers that opened wide,
And smelt so sweet at morning-tide,
Fold up their leaves, as if to say,
"Good-by, we 'll come another day;
And now, dear little lady, you
Must sleep, as we shall seem to do."

Yes,—here 's my pretty bed, and I
Will kiss mamma, and say "by, by!"
So nice and warm, so smooth and white,
So comfortable all the night!
And when my little prayer is said,
How could I cry to go to bed?

—*Jane Taylor.*

TIME TO GET UP

The cock, who soundly sleeps at night,
Rises with the morning light;
Very loud and shrill he crows;
Then the sleeping ploughman knows
He must rise and hasten, too,
All his morning work to do.

And the little lark does fly
To the middle of the sky.
You may hear his merry tune,
In the morning very soon;
For he does not like to rest
Idly in his downy nest.

While the cock is crowing shrill,
Leave my little bed I will,
And I 'll rise to hear the lark,
Now it is no longer dark.
'T would be a pity there to stay,
When 't is bright and pleasant day.

—*Jane Taylor.*

THE SNOWDROP

Now the spring is coming on,
Now the snow and ice are gone,
Come, my little snowdrop root,
Will you not begin to shoot?

Ah! I see your pretty head
Peeping on the flower bed,
Looking all so green and gay
On this fine and pleasant day.

For the mild south wind doth blow,
And hath melted all the snow,
And the sun shines out so warm,
You need not fear another storm.

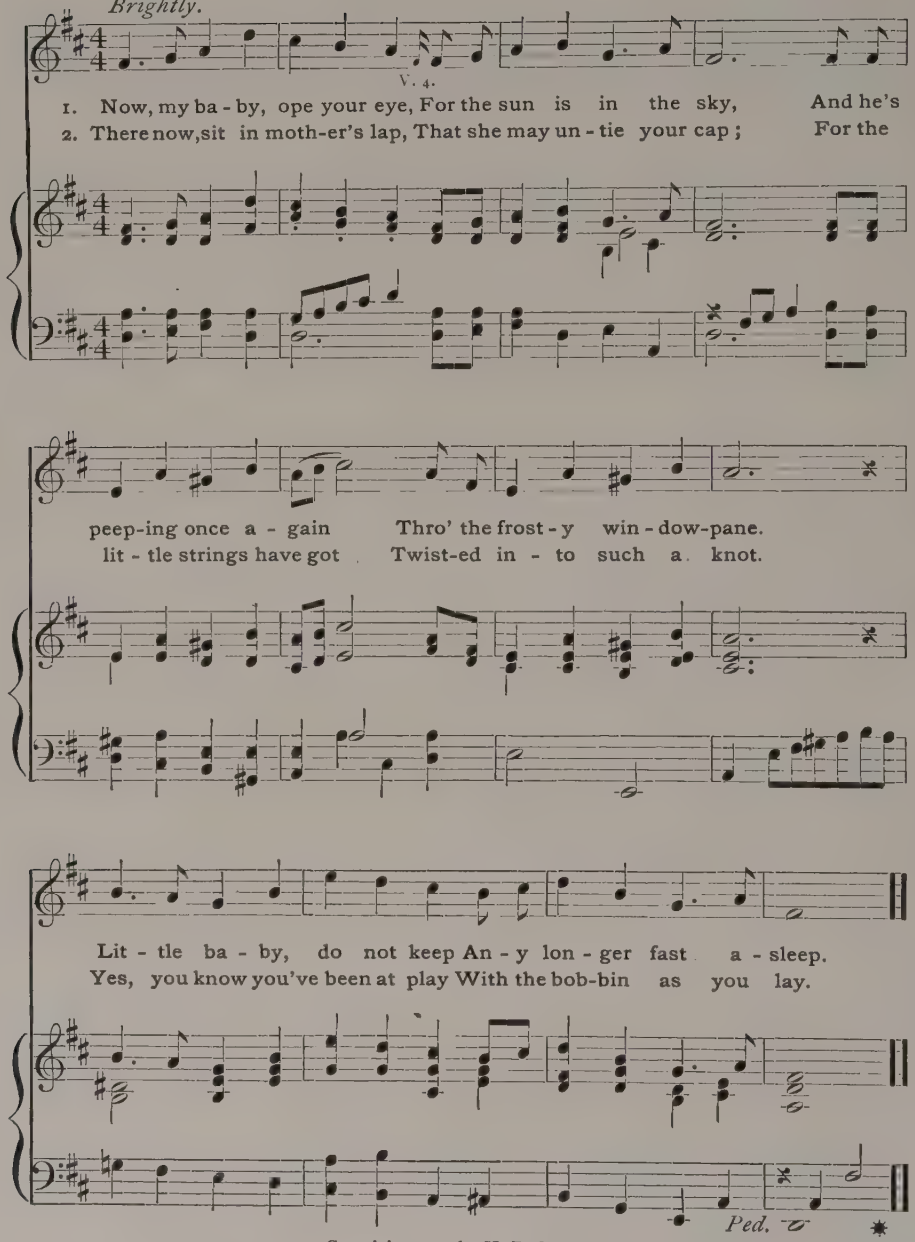
So come up, you pretty thing,
Just to tell us it is spring,
Hanging down your modest head
On my pleasant flower bed.

—*Jane Taylor.*

GETTING UP.

Jane Taylor. H. D. Sleeper.

Brightly.


V. 4.
1. Now, my ba - by, ope your eye, For the sun is in the sky, And he's
2. There now, sit in moth-er's lap, That she may un - tie your cap; For the
peep-ing once a - gain Thro' the frost - y win - dow-pane.
lit - tle strings have got Twist-ed in - to such a knot.
Lit - tle ba - by, do not keep An - y lon - ger fast a - sleep.
Yes, you know you've been at play With the bob-bin as you lay.
Ped.

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GETTING UP

Now, my baby, ope your eye,
For the sun is in the sky,
And he 's peeping once again
Through the frosty windowpane.
Little baby, do not keep
Any longer fast asleep.

There now, sit in mother's lap,
That she may untie your cap;
For the little strings have got
Twisted into such a knot.
Yes, you know you 've been at play
With the bobbin as your lay.

There it comes, now let us see
Where your petticoats can be;
Oh, they 're in the window seat,
Folded very smooth and neat;
When my baby older grows
She shall double up her clothes.

Now one pretty little kiss,
For dressing you so nice as this.
But before we go downstairs,
Don't forget to say your prayers,
For 't is God who loves to keep
Little babies fast asleep.

—*Jane Taylor.*

A FINE THING

Who am I with noble face,
Shining in a clear blue place?
If to look at me you try,
I shall blind your little eye.

When my noble face I show,
Over yonder mountain blue,
All the clouds away do ride,
And the dusky night beside.

Then the clear wet dews I dry
With the look of my bright eye;
And the little birds awake,
Many a merry tune to make.

Cowslips, then, and harebells blue,
And lily-cups their leaves undo;
For they shut themselves up tight,
All the dark and foggy night.

Then the busy people go,
Some to plow, and some to sow;
When I leave, their work is done,—
Guess if I am not the Sun.

—*Jane Taylor.*

MADONNA AND CHILD

By Georg Papperitz

1886

A PRETTY THING

Who am I that shines so bright
With my pretty yellow light,
Peeping through your curtains gray?
Tell me, little girl, I pray.

When the sun is gone, I rise
In the very silent skies;
And a cloud or two doth skim
Round about my silver rim.

All the little stars do seem
Hidden by my brighter beam;
And among them I do ride,
Like a queen in all her pride.

Then the reaper goes along,
Singing forth a merry song,
While I light the shaking leaves
And the yellow harvest sheaves.

Little girl, consider well,
Who this simple tale doth tell;
And I think you 'll guess it soon,
For I only am the Moon.

—*Ann Taylor.*

THE SHEEP

Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass or daisies white,
From the morning till the night?
Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?

Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray.
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, and very cold you 'd be,
If you had not wool from me.

True, it seems a pleasant thing
To nip the daisies in the spring;
But many chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick a scanty dinner where
All the common 's brown and bare.

Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
And cuts my woolly coat away,
To warm you in the winter's day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

—*Jane Taylor.*

THE WOUNDED LAMB

By Von Bremen

"How think ye? if any man have a hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and go unto the mountains, and seek that which goeth astray? And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth over it more than over the ninety and nine which have not gone astray. Even so it is not the will of your Father who is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."—*The Words of Jesus*

Acher von Bremen

THE COW

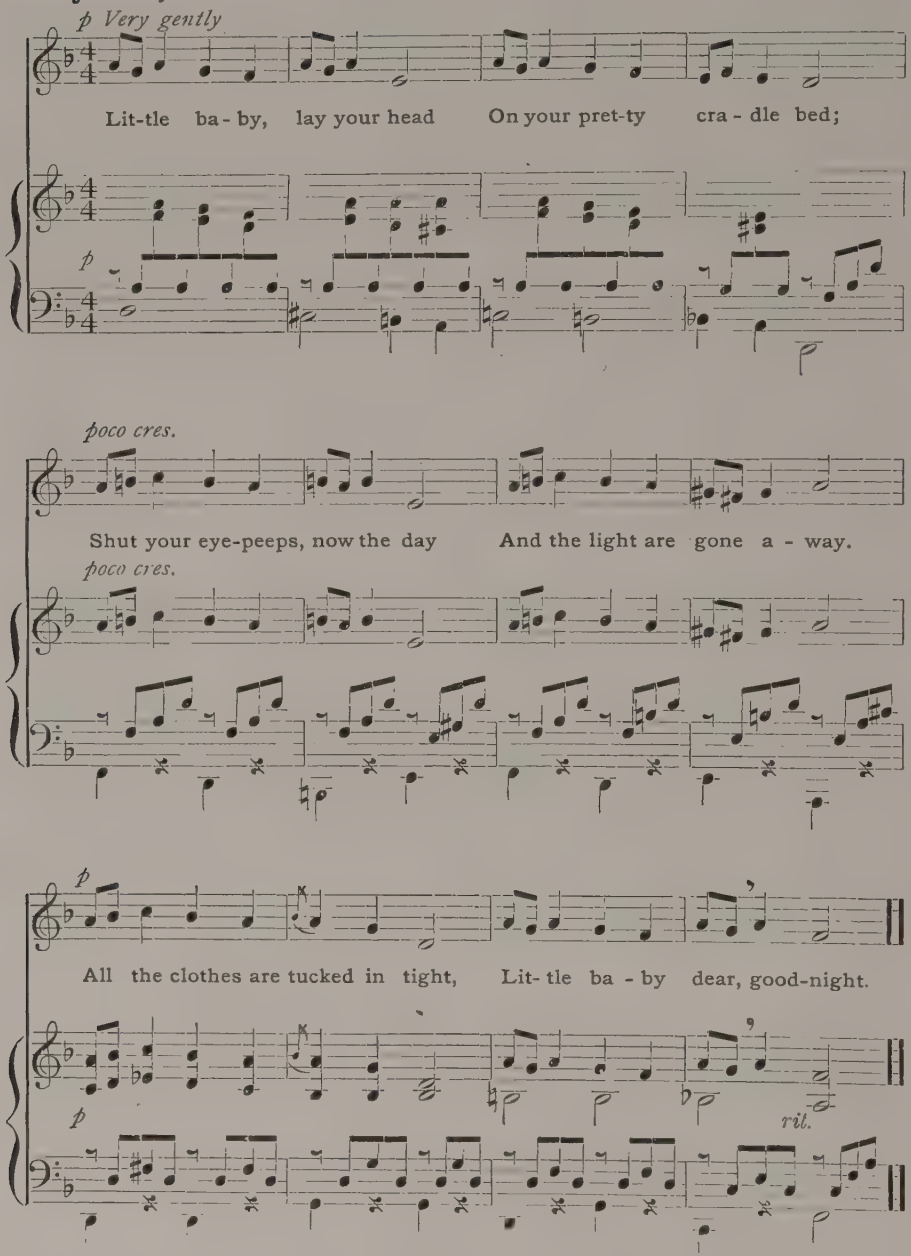
Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day, and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They perhaps will make it sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

—*Jane Taylor.*

GOING TO BED.

Jane Taylor. H. D. Sleeper.

p Very gently
Lit-tle ba - by, lay your head On your pret-ty cra - dle bed;
poco cres.
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day And the light are gone a - way.
poco cres.
p
All the clothes are tucked in tight, Lit- tle ba - by dear, good-night.
p
rit.

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GOING TO BED

Little baby, lay your head
On your pretty cradle-bed;
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day
And the light are gone away.
All the clothes are tucked in tight;
Little baby dear, good night!

Yes, my darling, well I know
How the bitter wind doth blow;
And the winter's snow and rain
Patter on the window pane.
But they cannot come in here,
To my little baby dear;

For the window shutteth fast,
Till the stormy night is past;
Or the curtains we may spread
Round about her cradle-bed.
So, till morning shineth bright,
Little baby dear, good night!

—*Jane Taylor.*

BABY AND MAMMA

What a little thing am I!
  Hardly higher than the table.
I can eat, and play, and cry,
  But to work I am not able.

Nothing in the world I know,
  But mamma will try and show me.
Sweet mamma, I love her so,
  She 's so very kind unto me.

And she sets me on her knee,
  Very often, for some kisses.
Oh! how good I 'll try to be,
  For such a dear mamma as this is.

—*Jane Taylor.*

CHILD WITH DOG

Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792)

THE TEMPEST

See the dark vapors cloud the sky,
  The thunder rumbles round and round;
The lightning's flash begins to fly,
  Big drops of rain bedew the ground:
The frightened birds with ruffled wing,
Fly through the air and cease to sing.

'T is God who on the tempest rides
  And with a word directs the storm,
'T is at His nod the wind subsides,
  Or heaps of heavy vapors form.
In fire and cloud He walks the sky,
And lets His stores of tempest fly.

—*Jane Taylor*

THE VIOLET

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair.
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

—*Jane Taylor.*

SHEEP

By Rosa Bonheur (1822-1899)

One of the most famous artists of the world, born at Bordeaux, France, March 22, 1822, died 1899. Her best known pictures are the "Horse Fair" and "Tillage in Nivernais." During the siege of Paris her studio was saved by the special order of the crown prince of Prussia. She received the cross of the Legion of Honor in 1865

Rosa Bonheur
1893

MAY DAY SONG

April 's gone, the king of showers;
May is come, the queen of flowers;
Give me something, gentles dear,
For a blessing on the year.
For my garland give, I pray,
Words and smiles of cheerful May:
Birds of spring, to you we come,
Let us pick a little crumb.

—*John Keble*

THE LAMB

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I 'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I 'll tell thee.
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee.
Little lamb, God bless thee.

—*William Blake.*

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792)

SOME MURMUR WHEN THEIR SKY IS CLEAR

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.

And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task
And all good things denied.

And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid,
Love that not ever seems to tire,
Such rich provision made.

—*Archbishop Trench.*

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

Little drops of water,
  Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
  And the pleasant land.

Then the little minutes,
  Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
  Of eternity.

—*Ebenezer Cobham Brewer.*

CHRISTMAS HYMNS

THE ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE SHEPHERDS

By Bernard Plockhorst (1825-)

"And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, 'Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you; Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.'

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,—

'Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.' "—*Luke 2:8-14*

CHRISTMAS LULLABY

Sleep, baby, sleep. The mother sings:
Heaven's angels kneel and fold their wings.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

With swaths of scented hay Thy bed
By Mary's hand at eve was spread.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

At midnight came the shepherds, they
Whom seraphs wakened by the way.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

And three kings from the East afar,
Ere dawn, came, guided by the star.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

They brought Thee gifts of gold and gems,
Pure orient pearls, rich diadems.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

But Thou who liest slumbering there,
Art King of kings, earth, ocean, air.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep. The shepherds sing:
Through heaven, through earth, hosannas ring.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

—*John Addington Symonds.*

THE STAR

They followed the star the whole night through;
As it moved with the midnight, they moved, too;
And cared not whither it led, nor knew,
  Till Christmas day in the morning.

We have followed the star a whole long year,
And watched it beckon, now faint, now clear,
And now it stands still as we draw near
  To Christmas day in the morning.

And just as the wise men did of old,
In the hush of the winter's dawning, cold,
We come to the stable, and we behold
  The Child on the Christmas morning.

And just as the wise men deemed it meet
To offer Him gold and perfumes sweet,
We would lay our gifts at His holy feet,
  Our gifts on Christmas morning.

O Babe, once laid in the oxen's bed,
With never a pillow for Thy head,
Now throned in the highest heaven instead,
  O Lord of the Christmas morning!

Because we have known and have loved Thy star
And have followed it long and have followed it far
From the land where the shadows and darkness are
  To find Thee on Christmas morning,—

Accept the gifts we dare to bring,
Though worthless and poor the offering,
And help our souls to rise and sing
  On Christmas day in the morning.

MADONNA AND CHILD

By Sichel

"All my heart this night rejoices
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices:
'Christ is born!' their choirs are singing,
Till the air everywhere
Now with joy is ringing."

—*Paul Gerhardt*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

What sweeter music can we bring,
Than a carol for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the voice! Awake the string!
Heart, ear, and eye, and everything
Awake! the while the active finger
Runs divisions with the singer.

Dark and dull night, fly hence away,
And give the honor to this day,
That sees December turned to May.
If we may ask the reason, say
The why, and wherefore all things here
Seem like the springtime of the year?

Why does the chilling winter's morn
Smile like a field beset with corn?
Or smell like to a mead new shorn,
Thus on the sudden? Come and see
The cause why things thus fragrant be:
'T is He is born, whose quickening birth
Gives light and luster, public mirth,
To heaven and the under earth.

THE GUIDING STAR

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led by Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

—*William C. Dix.*

THE HOLY NIGHT

By Correggio (1493-1534)

Antonio Allegri Correggio, named from the Italian town in which he was born

"We sate among the stalls at Bethlehem;
The dumb kine from their fodder turning there,
Softened their hornèd faces
To almost human gazes
Toward the newly born.
The simple shepherds from the starlit brooks
Brought visionary looks,
As yet in their astonied hearing, rung
The strange, sweet angel tongue;
The Magi from the East in sandals worn
Knelt reverent, sweeping round
With long pale beards, their gifts upon the ground,
The incense, myrrh, and gold,
These baby hands are impotent to hold;
So let all earthlies and celestials wait
Upon thy royal state:
Sleep, O my kingly One!"

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

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A CHRISTMAS CAROL

God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas day.
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon this blessed morn,
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born:
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He takes away;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas day.

—*Dinah Maria Mulock.*

HAIL THE NIGHT! ALL HAIL THE MORN!

Hail the night! All hail the morn!
When the Prince of Peace was born;
When, amid the watchful fold,
Tidings good the angel told.

Now our solemn chant we raise
Duly to the Saviour's praise;
Now with carol hymns we bless
Christ the Lord, our Righteousness.

While resounds the joyful cry,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
Gladly we respond "amen!"

—*Old German Carol.*

THE NATIVITY

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike;
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

—*Shakespeare*

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

There 's a wonderful tree, a wonderful tree,
The happy children rejoice to see,
Spreading its branches year by year,
It comes from the forest to flourish here;
Oh! this beautiful tree, with its branches wide,
Is always blóóming at Christmas-tide.

'T is not alone in the summer's sheen
Its boughs are broad and its leaves are green,
It blooms for us when the wild winds blow,
And earth is white with feathery snow:
And this wonderful tree with its branches wide,
Bears many a gift for the Christmas-tide.

'T is all alight with its tapers' glow,
That flash on the shining eyes below,
And the strange sweet fruit on each laden bough
Is all to be plucked by the gatherers now.
Oh! this wonderful tree, with its branches wide,
We hail it with joy at the Christmas-tide.

And a voice is telling, its boughs among,
Of the shepherds' watch and angels' song;
Of a holy babe in a manger low,
The beautiful story of long ago,
When a radiant star threw its beams so wide
To herald the earliest Christmas-tide.

Then spread thy branches, wonderful tree,
And bring some dainty gift to me,
And fill my heart with a burning love
To Him who came from His home above—
From His beautiful home with the glorified,
To give us the joys of the Christmas-tide.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

It chanced upon the merry, merry Christmas eve
I went sighing past the church, across the moorland dreary,—
"Oh! never sin and want and woe this earth will leave,
And the bells but mock the wailing round, they sing so cheery.
How long, O Lord, how long, before Thou come again?
Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland dreary,
The orphans moan, and widows weep, and poor men toil in vain,
Till the earth is sick of hope deferred, though Christmas bells
be cheery."

Then arose a joyous clamor from the wild fowl on the mere,
Beneath the stars, across the snow, like clear bells ringing,
And a voice within cried, "Listen! Christmas carols even here!
Though thou be dumb, yet o'er their work the stars and snows
are singing.
Blind! I live, I love, I reign; and all the nations through
With the thunder of my judgments even now are ringing;
Do thou fulfill thy work, but as yon wild fowl do,
Thou wilt heed no less the wailing yet hear through it angels'
singing."

—*Charles Kingsley.*

THE HOLY FAMILY

By Carl Mueller

"Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart that it may be,
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

"My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I, too, must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle song."

—*Martin Luther*

SONG OF THE ANGELS

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down;
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled minds;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands
And in a manger laid."

Thus spoke the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

—*Ancient Christmas Song.*

CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL

Carol, sweetly carol,
A Saviour born to-day;
Bear the joyful tidings,
Oh, bear them far away!
Carol, sweetly carol,
Till earth's remotest bound
Shall hear the mighty chorus,
And echo back the sound.

CHORUS.

Carol, sweetly carol,
Carol sweetly to-day;
Bear the joyful tidings,
Oh, bear them far away.

Carol, sweetly carol,
As when the angel throng,
O'er the vales of Judah,
Awoke the heavenly song:
Carol, sweetly carol,
Good will, and peace, and love,
Glory in the highest
To God who reigns above.

Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christmas time:
Hark! the bells are pealing
Their merry, merry chime:
Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above,
Sing in loudest numbers,
Oh, sing redeeming love!

THE COMING OF THE MAGI

"'What means this glory round our feet,'
The Magi mused, 'more bright than morn?'
And voices chanted, clear and sweet,
'To-day the Prince of Peace is born.'"

—*James Russell Lowell*

"Lo! star-led chiefs Assyrian odors bring,
And bending Magi seek their Infant King."

—*Heber*

CRADLE HYMN

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay—
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

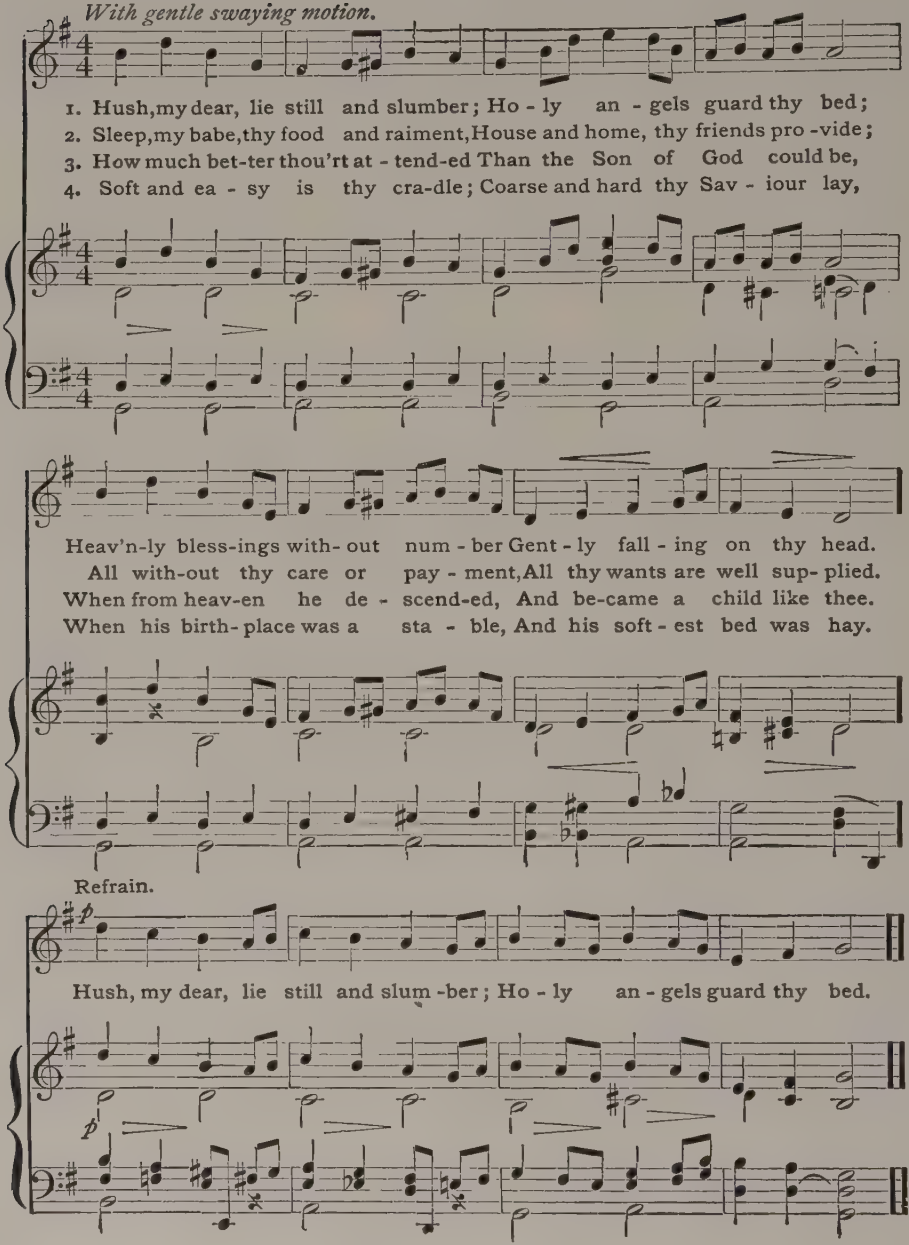
The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

—*Martin Luther.*

CRADLE HYMN.

Isaac Watts. H. D. Sleeper.

With gentle swaying motion.


1. Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber; Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed;
2. Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment, House and home, thy friends pro - vide;
3. How much bet-ter thou'rt at - tend-ed Than the Son of God could be,
4. Soft and ea - sy is thy cra-dle; Coarse and hard thy Sav - iour lay,
Heav'n-ly bless-ings with- out num - ber Gent - ly fall - ing on thy head.
All with-out thy care or pay - ment, All thy wants are well sup- plied.
When from heav-en he de - scend-ed, And be-came a child like thee.
When his birth- place was a sta - ble, And his soft - est bed was hay.
Refrain.
Hush, my dear, lie still and slum -ber; Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed.

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CRADLE HYMN

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heav'nly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou 'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

—*Isaac Watts.*

CHORUS

We see Him come, and know Him ours,
Who, with His sunshine and His showers,
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

The Darling of the world is come,
And fit it is we find a room
To welcome Him. The nobler part
Of all the house here, is the heart,

Which we will give Him; and bequeath
This holly, and this ivy wreath,
To do Him honor, who 's our King,
And Lord of all this reveling.

—*Robert Herrick.*

THE ADORATION OF THE CHILDREN

Gherado delle Notte

"O come, all ye faithful, joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord,
Lo! in a manger lies the King of angels;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord"

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

Once in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother hid her baby
In a manger for his bed;
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And thro' all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew:
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above:

And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

—*Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*

MADONNA AND CHILD

"Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
For Thy holy nativity.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee."

—*Emily Elizabeth Elliott*

CALM ON THE LISTENING EAR OF NIGHT

Calm on the listening ear of night
  Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
  Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
  Shed sacred glories there;
And angels with their sparkling lyres
  Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
  Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
  The Dayspring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
  There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise,
  Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the lofty strain
  The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
  O'er Judah's sacred hills.
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
  Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good will to men,
  From heaven's eternal King."

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
  The Saviour now is born!
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
  Breaks the first Christmas morn;

And brighter on Moriah's brow,
Crowned with her temple-spires,
Which first proclaim the newborn light,
Clothed with its orient fires.

This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
O catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
When nightly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay,—
"Glory to God; on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!"

—*Edmund Hamilton Sears.*

HYMNS AND POEMS FOR THE TWILIGHT HOUR

READY FOR BED

Hark! the clock strikes from the steeple;
Now good-night to all good people;
Bed is ready to receive us;
Yet you say, "Oh, do not leave us!"
Thank you, friends, but we must hurry,
Else our dear old nurse will worry.

Good-bye, father; good-bye, mother;
Come now, baby; come now, brother:
By your sisters three attended,
All must go, for play is ended.—
Early go, if wise and wealthy
We would be, and also healthy.

So good-night to all good people!
Hark! from yet another steeple,
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven:
Now to bed, and bless you, Heaven.
Good advice comes from the steeple:
So good-night to all good people!

—*Ida Fay.*

BABY'S BOAT

Baby's in the boat,
  Rocking to and fro;
Tautest craft afloat,—
  Baby's watch below.

Snowy sails are set:
  Little lullabies,
Hush the pretty pet,
  Close the laughing eyes.

Storms can never harm;
  Mother watches near:
Oh! her loving arm
  Knows the way to steer.

Quiet now, at last,
  Till the morning beams;
Baby's anchored fast
  In the port of dreams.

—*George Cooper.*

THE ADORATION OF THE ANGELS

By William Adolph Bouguereau (1825-1905)

"Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King."

—*James Montgomery*

LITTLE VOICES

What says the little brook?
"I am but a little brook;
Yet on me
The stars as brightly gleam
As on the mighty stream;
I sparkle on my way
To the sea."

What says the little ray?
"I am but a little ray,
Sent to earth
By the sun so great and bright,
Giving food and heat and light;
Yet I gladden every spot:
The palace and the cot
Hail my birth."

What says the little flower?
"I am but a little flower
At your feet;
Yet on the path you tread,
Some joy and grace I shed;
So I am happy too
For the little I can do
When we meet."

What says the little lamb?
"I am but a little lamb
Soft and mild;
Yet in the meadows sweet
I ramble and I bleat;

And soon my wool will grow,
To clothe you with, you know,
Darling child."

What says the little bird?
"I am but a little bird
With my song;
Come, hear me singing now,
As I hop from bough to bough;
For I cheer the old and sad
With my voice, and I am glad
All day long."

What says the little child?
"I am but a little child
Fond of play;
Yet in my heart, I know
The grace of God will grow,
If I try to do His will,
And His law of love fulfill,
And obey."

THE TWILIGHT FALLS, THE NIGHT IS NEAR

The twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.

The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at Thy call,
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.

Thou knowest all: I lean my head;
My weary eyelids close;
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path, since Jesus knows.

And He has loved me: all my heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguished pain and smart
Finds healing in the word.

So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean confiding on His breast
Who knows and pities all.

SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst bless, and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

—*James Edmeston.*

THE MADONNA OF THE HARPIES

By Andrea del Sarto (1487-1583)

One of the most famous painters of the Florentine school. He lived and worked in his native city of Florence except for a sojourn at Paris, where he was invited by Francis I. This picture is called the "Madonna of the Harpies" because of the strange figures of harpies in the border, not shown in this reproduction

SUMMER RAIN

The mountain streams are silent,
  Or whisper faint and low;
The earth is grateful to the dews
For moisture which the clouds refuse;
  Blow, west wind, blow!
  And fall, O gentle rain!
Awake the music of the bowers,
Unfold the beauty of the flowers;
The cornfields long to hear thy voice,
And woods and orchards will rejoice
  To see thee, gentle rain!

It comes! The gushing wealth descends!
  Hark! how it patters on the leaves!
  Hark! how it drops from cottage eaves!
The pastures and the clouds are friends.
  Drop gently, gentle rain!
The fainting cornstalk lifts its head,
The grass grows greener at thy tread,
  The woods are musical again;
And from the hillside springing,
Down comes the torrent singing,
With grateful nature in accord,
A full-voiced anthem to the Lord,
  To thank Him for the rain.

THE GLORIOUS HEAVENS

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst the radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

—*Addison.*

Adapted from the nineteenth Psalm.

JESUS AND JOHN

By Murillo (1618-1682)

TWILIGHT

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a sudden light;
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN

"I am a Pebble and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;
"Nor change nor season can alter me:
I am abiding while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me long in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or to touch my heart,—but it was not felt.

"None can tell of the Pebble's birth;
For I am as old as the solid earth.
The children of men arise and pass
Out of the world like blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod
That 's gone from sight and under the sod!
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed and mute;
And she felt for a while perplexed to know
How to answer a thing so low.
But to give reproof of nobler sort
Than the angry look or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone,
"Since it has happened that I am thrown

"From the lighter element, where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,

And beside a personage so august,
Abashed I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time nor season, nor storm nor sun,
Nor the gentler dew, nor the grinding wheel,
Has ever subdued or made to feel."

And soon in the earth she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay;
But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an ancient oak;
And as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and, wondering, said,—
"A modest acorn never to tell
What was enclosed in her simple shell—

"That the pride of the forest was thus shut up
Within the space of her little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth
To prove that nothing could hide her worth.
And, O, how many will tread on me
To come and admire that beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering toward the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!

"Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year;
But never from this shall a vaunting word
From the humble Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me, or within,
Can show the purpose for which I 've been!"
The Pebble could not its vow forget
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

—*Gould.*

A PSALM OF LIFE

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
  Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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WHILE THEE I SEEK, PROTECTING POWER

While Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar,
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on Thee.

—*Helen Maria Williams.*

MADONNA DELLA TENDA

By Raphael (1483-1520)

"Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
Has vanished from his side?

"Oh, no!—We live our life again;
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,
The pictures of the Past remain,—
Man's works shall follow him!"

—*John Greenleaf Whittier*

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I 've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

—*Thomas Moore.*

THE BRIDGE

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
  As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
  Behind the dark church tower.

I saw her bright reflection
  In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
  And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
  Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
  Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
  The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
  Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
  Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
  The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
  Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
  That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
  In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
  And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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KINDNESS

A little word in kindness spoken,
  A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
  And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth
  Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
  Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
  A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
  A heart may heal or break.

—*Colesworthy.*

MADONNA

By Murillo (1618-1682)

"Bright angels are around thee,
They that have served thee from thy birth are there;
Their hands with stars have crowned thee;
Thou, peerless Queen of Air,
As sandals to thy feet the silver moon doth wear."

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

PERSEVERANCE

A swallow in the spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make her nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient art; but ere her work was crowned
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought;
Yet not cast down, forth from her place she flew
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hands, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept
And toiled again; and, last night hearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What trust is here, O man!
Hath Hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?
Have faith, and struggle on!

THE LIGHT OF STARS

The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailèd hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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WE ARE SEVEN

I met a little cottage girl;
  She was eight years old she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
  That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
  And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
  —Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
  How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
  And wondering looked at me.

"And who are they? I pray you tell."
  She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell
  And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
  My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
  Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell
  And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
  Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchiefs there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay
Till God released her from her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If there are two in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"O master! We are seven."

"But they are dead: those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'T was throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

—*William Wordsworth.*

JESUS IN THE TEMPLE

By William Holman Hunt (1827-1910)

One of the famous English school of so called pre-Raphaelite painters. This picture, "Jesus in the Temple," is one of his most celebrated paintings

CHILDREN

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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ONE BY ONE

One by one the sands are flowing,
  One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
  Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
  Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
  Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
  Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,—
  Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
  Do not fear an armèd band;
One will fade as others greet thee—
  Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
  See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow;
  So each day begin again.

Every hour, that fleets so slowly,
  Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
  When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
  Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
  Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
  Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken,
  Ere the pilgrimage be done.

—*Adelaide Ann Procter.*

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

If Fortune, with a smiling face,
  Strew roses in our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?—
  To-day, my friend, to-day.
But should she frown with face of care
  And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?—
  To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

If those who 've wronged us own their faults
  And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen and forgive?—
  To-day, my friend, to-day.
But if stern Justice urge rebuke,
  And warmth from memory borrow,
When shall we chide, if chide we dare?—
  To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys
  The minutes will not stay;
We 've always time to welcome them
  To-day, my friend, to-day.
But care, resentment, angry words,
  And unavailing sorrow,
Come far too soon, if they appear
  To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

STILL WITH THEE

Still, still with Thee, my God,
I would desire to be,
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

With Thee when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising, sun
With Thee my heart would find.

With Thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings
Mine eyelids I would close.

With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

—*James Drummond Burns.*

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

By William Holman Hunt (1827–1910)

The original of this famous picture is owned by Keble College, Oxford, and is hung in a small room adjoining the chapel.

"The legend beneath it is the beautiful verse—'Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.' Rev. iii. 26. On the left-hand side of the picture is seen this door of the human soul. It is fast barred; its bars and nails are rusty; it is knitted and bound to its stanchions by creeping tendrils of ivy, shewing that it has never been opened. A bat hovers about it; its threshold is overgrown with brambles, nettles, and fruitless corn,—the wild grass, 'whereof the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth the sheaves his bosom.' Christ approaches it in the night-time,—Christ, in his everlasting offices, of Prophet, Priest, and King. He wears the white robe, representing the power of the Spirit upon him; the jeweled robe and breastplate, representing the sacerdotal investiture; the rayed crown of gold, inwoven with the crown of thorns; not dead thorns, but now bearing soft leaves, for the healing of the nations.

"Now, when Christ enters any human heart, he bears with him a twofold light: first, the light of conscience, which displays past sin, and afterwards the light of peace, the hope of salvation. The lantern, carried in Christ's left hand, is this light of conscience. Its fire is red and fierce; it falls only on the closed door, on the weeds which encumber it, and on an apple shaken from one of the trees of the orchard, thus marking that the entire awakening of the conscience is not merely to committed, but to hereditary guilt.

"The light is suspended by a chain wrapt about the wrist of the figure, shewing that the light which reveals sin appears to the sinner also to chain the hand of Christ. The light which proceeds from the head of the figure, on the contrary, is that of the hope of salvation; it springs from the crown of thorns, and, though itself sad, subdued, and full of softness, is yet so powerful that it entirely melts into the glow of it the forms of the leaves and boughs, which it crosses, shewing that every earthly object must be hidden by this light, where its sphere extends."—*Ruskin, "Arrows of the Chace."*

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

—*John Henry Newman.*

NOW THE DAY IS OVER

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal along the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose:
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

—*S. Baring-Gould.*

THE LITTLE MOTHER

By Ferruzzi

A FAREWELL

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray,
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you,
For every day.

Be good, sweet child, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING

A fair little girl sat under a tree
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night, good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head
Crying "Caw, caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night, good night!"

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed;
The sheep's "Bleat, bleat!" came over the road,
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night, good night!"

She did not say to the sun "Good night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew that he had God's own time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning, good morning! our work is begun!"

—Lord Houghton.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

By Edwin Howland Blashfield (1848-)

"It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new born,
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!"

—*Alfred Domett*

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountains,
The river running by,
The morning and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

—*John Keble.*

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn.
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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THE CHILDREN OF THE SHELL

By Murillo (1618-1682)

This is one of the famous pictures of the great artist Murillo. The little child John is giving the little Jesus a drink from a shell. "The child nature is charmingly portrayed, so innocent and gentle—seeming to suggest a lovable nature in the artist himself. His pictures always arouse the reverential feeling—which puts the stamp of artistic greatness upon them"

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
  Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
  From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
  Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
  That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
  That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
  As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
  Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
  And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
  Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
  Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
  Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
  And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
  Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
  Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD

They say that God lives very high.
  But if you look above the pines
You cannot see God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines
  You never see Him in the gold
Though from Him all that 's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
  Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
  Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid
  On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night; and said,
  "Who kissed through the dark, dear guesser?"

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

LULLABY SONG

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches his sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down comes a little dream on thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess;
And the gentle moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Saviour loves His sheep:
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

—*From the German.*

HEAD OF ANGEL

"See that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."—*The Words of Jesus*

THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT

Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore.
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life, when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come."
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

Rest comes at last; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

—*Frederick William Faber.*

MEMORY VERSES

MEMORY VERSES

One for Each Week of the Year.

I said, "Thou art my God."
My times are in thy hand.—*Psalms 31:14-15.*

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.—*Psalms 19:14.*

Let your speech be always with grace.—*Colossians 4:6.*

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.—*Psalms 139:1.*

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.—*Psalms 103:1.*

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.—*Matthew 5:9.*

Ye are of God, little children.—*I John 4:4.*

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.—*Psalms 37:37.*

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. —*John 14:1.*

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee.—*Isaiah 26:3.*

Ask, and it shall be given you.—*Matthew 7:7.*

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. —*Matthew 5:8.*

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.— *Romans 12:21.*

Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace.—*Romans 14:19.*

Keep yourselves in the love of God.—*Jude 21.*

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.—*Psalms 103:8.*

Be not weary in well-doing.—*II Thessalonians 3:13.*

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.—*Galatians 6:2.*

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—*Psalms 119:105.*

He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love.—*I John 4:8.*

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.—*Psalms 33:12.*

The Lord is on my side; I will not fear.—*Psalms 118:6.*

Abstain from every form of evil.—*I Thessalonians 5:22.*

If ye love me keep my commandments.—*John 14:15.*

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.—*Deuteronomy 6:5.*

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.—*Psalms 19:1.*

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.—*Isaiah 55:6.*

Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not.—*Proverbs 8:33.*

Suffer the little children to come unto me; forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.—*Mark 10:14.*

Prove all things. Hold fast that which is good.—*I Thessalonians 5:21.*

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. —*Matthew 5:7.*

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.—*Psalms 139:4.*

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.—*Psalms 103:13.*

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—*Matthew 11:28.*

This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you.—*John 15:12.*

Be strong in the Lord, and in the strength of his might. —*Ephesians 6:10.*

Rejoice in the Lord alway.—*Philippians 4:4.*

Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. —*Exodus 20:12.*

Bless them which persecute you; bless, and curse not. —*Romans 12:14.*

Thou shalt not steal.—*Exodus 20:15.*

Give to him that asketh thee.—*Matthew 5:42.*

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. —*Exodus 20:16.*

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—*Matthew 22:39.*

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge, and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.—*Psalms 91:2.*

In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee: for thou wilt answer me.—*Psalms 86:7.*

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.—*Psalms 34:15.*

Show me thy ways, O Lord, teach me thy paths.—*Psalms 25:4.*

Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children.—*Ephesians 5:1.*

I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.—*John 10:14.*

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.—*Matthew 5:14.*

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—*Psalms 46:1.*

My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—*John 14:27.*

God tells us in the Bible.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.
—*Matthew 22:37.*

Love one another.—*I John 3:23.*

Be ye kind one to another.
—*Ephesians 4:23.*

Pray to thy Father.—*Matthew 6:6.*

Lie not.—*Colossians 3:9.*

Speak the truth.—*Zechariah 8:16.*

Thou shalt not steal.—*Exodus 20:15.*

Thou shalt not kill.—*Exodus 20:13.*

Children, obey your parents.
—*Ephesians 6:1.*

Give to the poor.—*Matthew 19:21.*

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.
—*Exodus 20:8.*

Search the Scriptures (study the Bible).
—*John 5:39.*

Do no wrong.—*Jeremiah 22:3.*

Do that which is right.—*Exodus 15:26.*

Sin not.—*John 5:14.*

[*By courtesy of the Clarke School, Northampton, Mass.*]

JESUS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

By Heinrich Hofmann (1824-)

J. Hofmann

PROVERBS

PROVERBS

These wise and true sayings are taken from the book in the Bible called "Proverbs." Some of them are said to have been written by Solomon, the wise king of Israel.

My son, if sinners entice thee,
Consent thou not.

A wise son maketh a glad father:
But a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand:
But the hand of the diligent maketh rich.

The tongue of the righteous is as choice silver:
The heart of the wicked is little worth.

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich:
And he addeth no sorrow therewith.

A false balance is an abomination to the Lord:
But a just weight is His delight.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast:
But the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

A wise son heareth his father's instruction:
But a scorner heareth not rebuke.

Walk with wise men, and thou shalt be wise:
But the companion of fools shall smart for it.

Righteousness exalteth a nation:
But sin is a reproach to any people.

A soft answer turneth away wrath:
But a grievous word stirreth up anger.

The eyes of the Lord are in every place:
Keeping watch upon the evil and the good.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance:
But by sorrow of heart is the spirit broken.

Better is a little with the fear of the Lord:
Than great treasure and trouble therewith.
Better is a dinner of herbs where love is:
Than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

A wise son maketh a glad father:
But a foolish man despiseth his mother.

A wrathful man stirreth up contention:
But he that is slow to anger appeaseth strife.

Pride goeth before destruction:
And a haughty spirit before a fall.

The hoary head is a crown of glory,
If it be found in the way of righteousness.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
And he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

A merry heart is a good medicine:
But a broken spirit drieth up the bones.

Wine is a mocker,
Strong drink is a brawler;
And whoso erreth thereby is not wise.

Even a child maketh himself known by his doings,
Whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.

Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor,
He also shall cry, but shall not be heard.

He that followeth after righteousness and mercy
Findeth life, righteousness, and honour.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,
And loving favour rather than silver and gold.

The rich and the poor meet together:
The Lord is the maker of them all.

Train up a child in the way he should go,
And when he is old he will not depart from it.

He that loveth pureness of heart,
For the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend.

Remove not the ancient landmark,
Which thy fathers have set.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business?
He shall stand before kings;
He shall not stand before mean men.

A word fitly spoken
  Is like apples of gold
  In baskets of silver.

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit?
There is more hope for a fool than for him.

If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat;
And if he be thirsty, give him water to drink:
For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head,
And the Lord shall reward thee.

Seest thou a man hasty in his words?
There is more hope for a fool than for him.

Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth;
A stranger, and not thine own lips.

PROVERBS

The following proverbs are from various sources outside the Bible.

An idle youth becomes in age a beggar.
Idle people take the most pains.
Let honesty and industry be thy constant companions.
—*Franklin.*

Haste makes waste and waste makes want.
The more haste the less speed.
Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
—*Dryden.*

Small habits well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes.
—*Hannah More.*

God is always at leisure to do good to those that ask it.
God helps those who help themselves.

What we gave we have, what we spent we had, what we left we lost.—*Epitaph of Edward, Earl of Devon.*

You may know him by the company he keeps.
Better alone than in bad company.

A guilty conscience needs no accuser.

Content is more than a kingdom.

Deeds not words.

A goodly outside apple rotten at the heart,
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.
—*Shakespeare.*

Cleanliness is next to godliness.

—*Wesley.*

They conquer who believe they can.

—*Virgil.*

Never make a mountain out of a mole hill.
Employ thy time well, and since thou art not sure of a minute throw not away an hour.
Virtue is its own reward.

—*Prior.*

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

—*Franklin.*

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.

—*Franklin.*

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

—*New Education Reader.*

Do you know how many children,
Go to little beds at night,
And, without a care or trouble,
Wake up with the morning light?
God in heaven each name can tell;
Knows you, too, and knows you well.

—*New Education Reader.*

Be kind and be gentle,
To those who are old,
For kindness is dearer
And better than gold.

—*New Education Reader.*

Please is a very little word,
And thank-you is not long.

Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.
Little ones to Him belong,
I am weak, but He is strong.

Love God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind,
And love your neighbor as yourself,
Be faithful, just, and kind.
Deal with another as you 'd have
Another deal with you:
What you 're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

—*New England Primer.*

Politeness is to do or say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

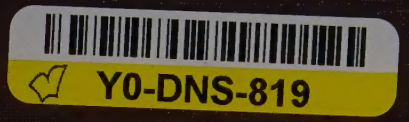
—*New Education Reader.*

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can,
For all the people you can
Just as long as you can.

—*Lippincott's Beginner's Reading Book.*

Be to others kind and true,
As you 'd have others be to you.

—*New Education Reader.*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